

March 24th, 1923

THE CANADA EAST EASTER WAR CRY—Toronto, March 31st, 1923

TEN THOUSAND TIMES WELCOME!"

(Continued from Page 3)

he happily described it, he had two texts" from which to speak. It is said at once, he did with both, speaking with wit, feeling, and naturalness. "I have," he said, "walked in the footsteps of my father—he went to Paris to find my mother and brought her first to the old Congress Hall. I have done the same!"

India the Ensign designated "an enormous opportunity for the Salvation Army." The Campaign had been a wonderful thing, a great education, for him. Blessing had come to his own soul because he had seen much of "those precious jewels" sacrifice in our Officers there. "I might he could not but feel proud of the members of his own family who had been associated with the work in that beautiful country—the Consul, his aunt Lucy, and his uncle, Commissioner Booth-Tucker—whose names shone out with lustre there on account of what they had done.

It was a rare privilege for him to have accompanied his father. Could his hearers have witnessed the love and honor showered upon him, they would, he was sure, have felt as proud as he (the Ensign) felt. In the instance an old man got up from a dying bed, and with a little aid in his arms sought out the General in order that it might be given his blessing. Even the children had come with eagerness to speak to or look at him and to show their respect.

It is only in her capacity as a bride that Mrs. Ensign Wyllie is a new-comer to the Clapton Centre. It was here at this world-renowned Garrison that she was named as a Cadet, and where she was so touchingly testified, "I turned to know and love God better." Charming in appearance and speech, it is not too much to say that this great audience of Salvationists enthusiastically endorsed Ensign Wyllie's choice, and will not forget the sincere request of the bride and groom that God will graciously make their united lives a blessing to themselves and to His Kingdom.

It was good to witness the joy that wreathed the faces of the General and Mr. Booth, not less than those of the bride's parents, with these radiant newly-weds. They grouped themselves around the Flag surrounding the platform and received another thrilling sensation.

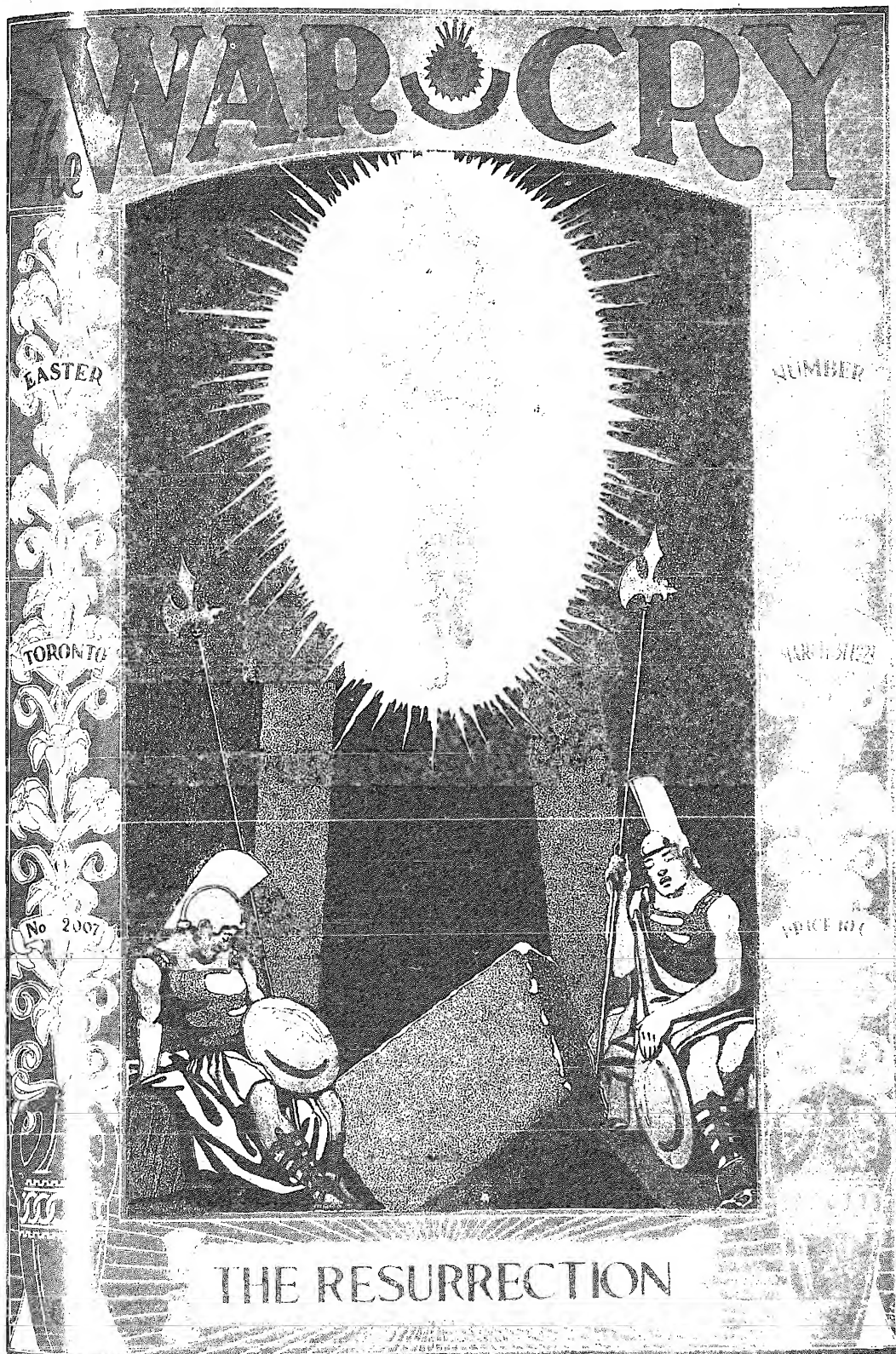
No formal curtain was rung down on the inspiring reception demonstration. The General uttered a brief, heartening call to their War—to sacrifice and victory—gave thanks to God, and laid down His blessing upon all.

SPECIALS FOR CANDIDATES SUNDAY, MARCH 25TH

Adjutant Noble—East Toronto
Adjutant Morehen—Temple
Major Bloss—Lisgar St.
Staff-Captain Lewis—Toronto I.
Commandant Campbell—Parliament

Adjutant Coy—Byng Avenue
Adjutant Spooner—Lippincott St.
Adjutant Stafford—Brock Ave.

Commandant Chaplin, Matron of Toronto Rescue Home, has passed her bereavement by the death of her sister. Our deepest sympathy is extended to the Commandant.



WAR CRY

Editorial Notes

The Easter number of the "War Cry" will, in common with preceding Special Editions, find its way into a very much larger circle of homes than the ordinary issue, and its message will therefore reach a greater number of readers and thereby open up the possibility of an increasingly abundant harvest of blessing.

The message of this "War Cry" is the message of the Cross, and the illustrations as well as a great deal of the letterpress have been chosen with a view to bringing home to every reader those great truths which concentrate around the Easter period.

The representation of Christ standing bound before Pilate (see opposite page) may well serve to remind us of the agony which He endured for our sakes, even before the cruel martyrdom which had its ending upon the Cross (page 11), and well will it be for every "War Cry" reader to remind himself or herself of the immortal lines:

It was for me that Jesus died,
On the cross of Calvary!

Happy indeed are those who realize that Christ's death was not in vain, and they will turn with joy to the scene of the empty scullerch depicted on pages 12 and 13. The statement "He is risen!" will find an echo in every regenerated heart, and theirs will be the privilege of joining in the soul thrilling song:

He lives, He lives, I know He lives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

Well may the General say in his article on page 6, "This living Jesus is the very centre of our faith and hope. We trust ourselves—body and soul—to Him for life and death. We leave our dearest in His hands. All our hopes for this poor, wrecked, derelict world are in Him. He is our inspiration. He is our vision of a better life. He is the power of that life. He is the Light descending on our darkness. He is Comfort. He is Peace. He is Joy."

The Commissioner, too, on page 7 says: "I would like to emphasize that the reality of the Resurrection became the driving power in the early followers of Christ, the incentive to all their work, the joy of their hearts, their hope for the future and their certain assurance of success. 'Christ is risen' were the words often upon their lips, and with this message they went everywhere preaching the word and signs and wonders were done in the name of the holy child Jesus."

Of the risen Saviour's appearances to mortals before His ascension into Heaven, His meeting with Mary Magdalene is the first recorded. This is shown on page 14 and on page 23 is strikingly depicted that most memorable incident described by St. Luke in the words: "And it came to pass that while He blessed them He was carried up into Heaven"

"Get ready for He's coming back again!" is an old time admonition which has lost none of its freshness for Salvationists, and a goodly portion of this issue of the "War Cry" is devoted to some of the operations of the Salvation Army which are done in His name and for His sake, by way of preparing men and women to meet Him. If the perusal of these pages does not create in new readers' hearts a desire to know more of the work of this Organization, one of the purposes of this publication will fail of achievement. But we have stronger faith than that, and confidently believe that the record of any one triumph of Grace will lead to a desire for fuller knowledge of the spread of Salvation, and its consequent benefits to both the individual and the community at large.

Shortly after these pages are in the hands of our readers will commence the Annual Self-Denial Effort. One of the greatest undertakings of the year, calling for long and arduous toil, it nevertheless presents to Salvationists an opportunity so thoroughly in keeping with their life-work that they had its approach with enthusiasm, and enter upon the performance of its onerous duties as they would embark upon the enjoyment of a privilege. It is a labor of love.

And with that cheery optimism which marks your Salvationists they seek the end from the beginning. To receive a target—which is the Army phrase for getting to know the amount one is expected to raise—is to see it "smashed," or in other words to see the amount successfully gathered in and with some thing over—not frequently a handsome increase upon the sum called for.

But it would be a mistake to sup-

pose that so vast an undertaking is easily accomplished. Not all the cheery enthusiasm brought to bear upon the endeavor, not all the faith which is exercised in regard to it, would accomplish much were works left out.

Apart from the personal sacrifice which Salvationists make in order to give the money saved to the Self-Denial Fund, there falls to the lot of each one a round of calls, which day after day demands physical energy, and unflagging zeal, to an extent which would surprise many. But the secret of the Army's success in this great effort is its unwavering dependance upon God. The enlisting of Self-Denial monies is undertaken for Him, the Salvationists go forth in humble confidence that He hears them company, and to Him they look for moving upon the heart of the person on whom the call is made.

In this connection the "War Cry" begs leave to appeal to every reader of this special number to remember that even if the ordinary issues of this journal do not come their way—and this will be true in many thousands of cases—the Army will be making its great Annual Appeal in the fullest confidence that every one—including you, kind reader—will contribute a share towards the objective. On this page will be found particulars as to where donations may be sent.

"How potent and generally suited to mankind," says Sir Rider Haggard, "must be that religion which appeals both to the West and to the East; which is as much at home in Java or Korea as in Copenhagen or Glasgow. For it should be borne in mind that the basis of the Salvation Army is religion. It aims above everything at the conversion of men to an active and living faith in the plain uncon-

plicated tenets of Christianity, to the benefit of their souls in some future state of existence, and incidentally to the reformation of their character while on earth."

A touching story comes from Korea telling of the sacrifice and suffering endured by an old woman of over seventy, a converted pagan, who had enrolled beneath the Army Flag as a Recruit. Knowing by reason of ill health that her days were few, she prayed that she might be spared to become enrolled in the Army. On the day of the enrolment, a message reached the Officer that she was very ill and anxious to see her. When the Ensign reached the bedside, the woman sadly said, "I wanted to be made a Recruit before I died." It was explained that this could be done where she lay. "Oh, no," protested the aged Convert, "you hold the Flag over those you enrol. I want that, and I want to be with the others when you, who have taught me, pray over us. Oh, that is the blessing I want God to give me!" The Ensign tried to comfort the despondent one, and when she left the old lady appeared more peaceful. A few hours later she entered the Hall for the swearing-in Meeting, and there, to her astonishment, she saw the woman who but a short time before she had left lying in bed. Hardly believing her eyes, the Officer inquired how she had come, seeing she could not walk. "I crept," she explained, "with the help of the Lord. I crept all the way; hold the Flag above me with the others, and to-night I shall be a Recruit." Before her call came to the Heavenly city, she said, "My heart was so dark until I heard of Jesus, of whose love the Army told me, and now I am happy to go to be with Him."

The story of the conversion of one of the remarkable characters mentioned in Harold Begbie's "Other Sheep," is recalled by the promotion to Glory recently of Captain Khushal Kahanji, the first Bhil Convert. He used to be known as a "Badwa," which means that on occasions he was possessed with an evil spirit, and could do extraordinary things and reveal matters that were hidden from ordinary persons. In other words, he was a medium, and he was much in demand among the Bhil spiritualists. His clients were many and paid him well. A European Army Officer came to live in a neighboring hut. Khushal became interested in the Salvationist's religion, and also in the man. He got converted and became the first Army Soldier in that village, wielding a remarkable influence over his fellows. As a result of his change of heart many who were antagonistic at first decided to follow in his footsteps. No fewer than eighty members of his family are now Salvationists.

This is where you'll find us!

Territorial Commander for Canada East, Bermuda and Newfoundland

COMMISSIONER CHARLES SOWTON

Territorial Headquarters, 20 Albert St., Toronto.

COLONEL McMILLAN, Chief Secretary.

The Territory is divided into Divisions as follows:—

Name of Division	Divisional Commander	Address
West Toronto,	Brigadier Walton,	184 Bathurst St., Toronto.
East Toronto,	Brigadier Moore,	766 Broadview Ave., Toronto.
London,	Brigadier Crichton,	394 Clarence St., London, Ontario.
Stratford,	Major Byers,	147 Cobourg St., Stratford, Ontario.
Hamilton,	Lieut.-Colonel Hargrave,	26 Rebecca St., Hamilton, Ontario.
North Bay,	Brigadier McAmmond,	202 Jane St., North Bay, Ontario.
Ottawa,	Staff-Captain Layman,	208 Bay St., Ottawa, Ontario.
Montreal,	Brigadier Barr,	341 University St., Montreal, Quebec.
St. John,	Major Burrows,	120 Prince William St., St. John, N.B.
Halifax,	Staff-Captain Burton,	121 Hollis St., Halifax, N.S.
Sydney,	Staff-Captain MacDonald,	256 Bentineck St., Sydney, N.S.
Bermuda,	Commandant Hiscock,	Box 69, Hamilton, Bermuda.

NEWFOUNDLAND SUB-TERRITORY:—

Sub-Territorial Commander, COLONEL MARTIN.

Headquarters, corner Springdale & George Sts., St. John's, Nfld.

CHRIST HAS RISEN

"He arose! He arose! Hallelujah. Christ arose!" The shabby, bedraggled figure of a woman halted outside the Army Hall one Easter Sunday morning, attracted by the vigorous singing of the chorus. "He arose!" she muttered to herself; "I used to sing that in the choir. What a fool I've been!" At that moment the woman Captain looked out and, catching sight of the listener, grasped her by the hand and said, "Come inside, sister, and rejoice with us. Christ has risen!"

The poor creature sobbed as she accompanied the Officer, and dropping on her knees by the door she shrieked out, "Is there any chance for me, Did He—oh, did He—rise for me? I'm too bad!"

Loving hearts prayed for her, and after a few minutes she jumped to her feet, and rushed from the Hall without hat or shawl, shouting at the top of her voice, "No good! I'm lost!"

The Captain seized her, led her back again into the Hall, and the praying was continued. Twice this scene was repeated, but at length with a cry of "Lord, save me, whatever the consequences!" the woman handed to the Officer a bottle of poison and a razor, and walked calmly to the penitent form. After she had found Salvation, she said: "I am homeless, friendless and penniless, and was on my way to the river to commit suicide when I heard the singing. What I intended to do was to drink the poison, cut my throat with the razor, and then fall into the river! 'He arose!'—that made me feel there was a chance for me."

A SELF-DENIAL INCIDENT

Calling upon a very well-to-do man to ask for a donation to the Self-Denial Fund, the collector found that nothing had previously been given, and that moreover a long illness and a heavy doctor's bill in prospect tended to make the gentleman unwilling to give.

Knowing the wealth of the prospective donor, the collector felt unwilling to let him slip, and urged that even the illness just recovered from might well be considered cause for a gift to the Fund.

The gentleman was staggered at the suggestion, but asked what sum the collector had in mind, only to stagger still more when the reply came that seeing how good the Lord had been, the collector thought the gentleman should put himself down for \$500.00!

Within a few minutes the collector went happily on his way with a cheque for the amount named in his pocket. Nor is the beauty of the story exhausted. To show that the gentleman in no way regretted his liberality, it is worth recording that he has since on two occasions donated to the Fund sums of \$500 each.

THE RISEN SAVIOUR

I know my Lord is risen, for I feel
The gentle touch of that once
pierced palm.

Which has not lost its earthly
power to heal.
Which soothes my fever into
heavenly calm.

I know my Lord is risen, for I find
The heart that beat within that
bleeding side.

Is beating still for me and all man-
kind.
And so I know He lives, though
once He died.

THE TEARS OF JESUS

By Commissioner Samuel Hurren, J.H.C.

JESUS weeps! Not for Himself, but for the city that has already rejected Him! Not yet was He crucified, but the die was cast, and the culminating deed of horror which was to fill the cup of iniquity to overflowing had become purposed in the hearts of those whose associations with Satan propagated blind, unreasoning hatred of the Prince of Heaven.

"If thou hadst known!" That poignant cry of untold thousands of heroic yet tender hearts throughout the centuries is wrung with flowing tears from the soul of Him who saw in that instant the concentrated wickedness of the city and the horrible judgments it would breed. Yet Jerusalem, groping in the smoke clouds of Hell—in the obscurities of confused issues—in the shackles of a privileged and bigoted priestcraft—might be more reasonably pleaded for at the Bar of Divine Justice than the London over which, I think, the blessed Lord Jesus weeps to-day.

Unequalled sorrows

His sorrows were ever unsurpassed. They are unequalled now. His passion, far from being spent, increases as He looks upon the present metropolis of the world—the world which cast Him out, and which, in so doing, handed the control of its destinies to a thief and a murderer.

"If thou hadst known!" Can you not hear His throbbing cry? Often in the middle watches of the night, as waking I see His star, I hear too His cry for the city that is never silent—ever still! Then my heart thrills and my tears mingle with His, for I observe what He sees—an aggregation of iniquity—intense, violent, impudent—over which rapidly gather the clouds of doom!

"O London, London that"—truly—"killeth the prophets . . . how oft would I have gathered you"—but ye would not.

Jesus weeps! The emblem of His sacrifice crowns the city, but, except by a handful of its teeming millions, its message is ignored.

Jesus weeps! Under the shadow of His cross, Hell makes merry without ceasing, and wickedness of every kind, bestial, sensual, deceptive, heartless, and damnable, disports themselves—not in isolated units but in battalions!

Can we number the madly blind votaries of pleasure, to whom the days are so short that they must pollute the peaceful sanctity of the nights, and by whom the Lord's Day is immolated as a sacrifice to Satan?

Can we take a census of the great city's whoredoms and infidelities, or lightly estimate the offering daily made to the never-satiated demons of vice of the youths and

maiden of its millions of inhabitants?

Can we parade the city's murderers, thieves, blackmailers, profiteers in human souls, known and unknown, who work, contrive, invent parade and propagate sin?

Can we catalogue the indifference—callous, cynical and contemptuous—of thousands upon thousands of the city's inhabitants to the ceaseless martyrdom of little children and to the claims of social or religious service?

Have you calculated the numbers of scholars of those Sunday schools in which Almighty God and the children's Saviour are never named, unless deprecatingly, and where the seeds of hatred of religion, violent opinions, and anarchy are growing into a bloody harvest?

Jesus weeps! He might well weep! None but a God could weep adequately for London! He sees it as we cannot. Shall we not join our tears with His, and weep, and weep, and weep, and cry, "How shall we save the city?" for it is a city worth Salvation, and might be a veritable New Jerusalem!

"If thou hadst known at least in this thy day." Let us warn the city, passionately, incessantly, with the cry of the Christ upon our lips and His zeal unrestrained burning in our breasts. His doom is certain unless it repent. It shall be brought low in sufferings and sorrows, and be despoiled by foes without and within.

London has no prescriptive right to the endless tolerance of the Almighty Judge, and history proves its unfitness to vaguely speculate upon it. The Cities of the Plain, Nineveh, Babylon, Jerusalem, Rome, bear the witness of history to the judgments of God upon the wicked city!

Sister cities

And shall London's "companions in sin" escape the condemnation of God? What of Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds and the hundreds of towns whose sins are just as rampant, whose light is just as great, whose prophets are just as faithful as those of the nation's capital? Have any of them of give God why sentence should not be passed upon their crimes, their rejection of Christ and His witness? Are not the sins of London your sins also, ye mighty cities of the provinces?

"Cry aloud and spare not!" Repent, and be converted!

Jesus weeps! But He is ready to save! He averts the sword, holds back the famine, and regards the pestilence. Will London and its fellows be saved on perdition? What of you, reader, inhabitant of the wicked city—sinner of whatsoever class you may be? Will you be met in mercy or judgment? Jesus weeps! Remember that His tears were shed and His Blood was spilt for you.

ARMY UNIFORM TO THE RESCUE

"The wearing of Salvation Army uniform," writes a correspondent, "has in my own case often been made a blessing, not only to myself but to others." A few days ago a young woman came to me outside a railway station and asked for my protection.

"She had," it appeared, just missed

the train by which she intended travelling, and had two hours to wait for the next. Being a stranger to the city she did not like to go far away, and a man, who had noticed her walking up and down, had tried to force a conversation on her.

"My heart leaped for joy," she said, when I saw your banner, for I said to myself, 'I shall be safe now.' And safe she was.

THE APPEARANCES OF CHRIST

Lord, we are told they hold Thee in the feet.

And worshipped Thee when risen from the dead,

As they were glad to hear Thine accents sweet,

In wondering awe and joy I bow my head,

As Thou didst walk and converse with the twain,

Upon the road, so walk and talk with me,

And Thy Word's mysteries to me explain

Until my heart shall turn with love to Thee.

As suddenly they saw Thee standing there

Amongst their saying, "Peace be unto you."

"Receive my Spirit," while the evening air

Was filled with fragrance and with heavenly dew;

So fill me with Thy Spirit and Thy rest,

And send me forth to serve Thee as is best.

THE RISEN LORD

He lives! though men declared Him dead

And placed His body in the tomb,

But He has risen as He said

And cast behind Him death and gloom.

He lives! How vain to grieve the dead!

He is alive for evermore.

He lives! O world, cast grief aside!

He hath fulfilled His pledge of love:

Death and the grave He hath defied,

Ascended to the realms above.

He lives! Your loved ones come before

Are safe with Him for evermore.

HOPE! HOPE!! HOPE!!!

One Easter Monday as the drummer of a provincial band was going to a special Meeting he was accosted by a stranger, who said "I like your Salvation Army note, but you do make such a noise! You get so excited! As for the drum, I'd like to know what good the banging of that ever did!"

The Bandsman answered him by giving a little of his own experience which, told in brief, was as follows: Early one Easter Sunday morning some six years before he was awakened in a prison cell where he had been placed the night before while hopelessly intoxicated by the banging of a drum. Presently his ear caught the strains of music and he at once concluded it was the Salvation Army Band.

"The drummer of that drum," he said to the stranger, "seemed to say to me, 'Hope! Hope! Hope!'"

"Throughout that day, and the subsequent sentence which I served—it was my sixteenth term—the thought haunted me, and on my release I went at once to the home of the Army Officers and said, 'Here's old drunken Jack come! Your drum said 'Hope!' and if there's hope for me, then I'm in for it!'"

"The Captain took me in, prayed with me, and pointed me to the Saviour; and for five years I've beaten the drum, in the hope that some one may be saved and blessed."

The stranger accompanied the Bandsman to the special Meeting, and ere the day closed was himself seeking the Risen Saviour.

THE HOPE

WHEN the tortured, crucified Jesus gave His last ex- piring cry on the Cross, when His head fell upon His breast, and His body sank limp and dead, but still held fast by the nails through His hands and feet, the hopes of His disciples died too, and their faith went into total eclipse.

Three years before, with bounding joy and swelling hopes, they had left all to follow Him. They had heard His matchless words, they had seen His wondrous works, they had felt His spirit of infinite compassion and tenderness, of absolute justice, righteousness, holiness, and they were sure that He was their King. They expected to see Him at any time take the reins of Government, assert His authority and power, cast out Pilate and his hated Roman garrison, ascend the throne of David, and restore the Kingdom of their fathers to greater splendor than that of Solomon. So sure were they of this that they wrangled amongst themselves as to which should be the greatest in this ideal Kingdom. He told them plainly that they misunderstood His spirit and mission, that He should be despised, and rejected and killed, but that He would rise again. But like children they did not understand, and they did not believe. Peter boldly contradicted Jesus, begged Him to pity himself, and said this should not be (Mat. 16: 22), until Jesus had to sharply rebuke him, saying, "Get thee behind me, Satan; thou art an offense unto me; for thou savorest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men."

Hosanna to David's Son

Then they came up to the Passover at Jerusalem and were met by immense throngs of people casting their garments and palm branches before Him, and crying out, "Hosanna to David's Son, blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!" And all the city was moved, saying, "Who is this?"

How these lowly fishermen following Him must have exulted in that hour! Now he would ascend the throne. Now He would be a King; and they would share in His glory, and all their old neighbors would stare and gape in amazement and envious wonder. But lo! the tide turned. The fickle multitude which had so royally welcomed Him one day, were crying out, "Crucify Him! the next, and instead of ascending a throne He was hung upon a Cross. He had a crown upon His head, but it was of thorns. A man was on His right hand, and one on His left, but they were crucified thieves. He was coming into His Kingdom, but it was by the strait gate of death and the narrow way of the tomb. He had talked of His Kingdom and glory, but what did His shameful death mean? How would they understand Him? Well, they did not understand, and when they died their hopes died too. However, they assisted at His burial and then, sad, hopeless, disappointed, disillusioned men, they went their way. He arose as He had said. Hallelujah! He laid down His life and He took it again. The grave could not hold the Prince of Life. He broke through its barriers. He conquered its terrors. He robbed it of its victory. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, thy victory?"

THE APPEARANCES OF CHRIST

Lord, we are told they held Thee by the feet.
And worshipped Thee when risen from the dead.
As they were glad to hear Thine accents sweet,
In wondering awe and joy I bow my head.
As Thou didst walk and converse with the twain,
Upon the road, so walk and talk with me.
And Thy Word's mysteries to me explain
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But He has risen as He said
And cast behind Him death and gloom.
He lives! How vain to guard the door!
He is alive for evermore.
He lives! O world, cast grief aside!
He hath fulfilled His pledge of love;
Death and the grave He hath defied,
Ascended to the realms above.
He lives! Your loved ones gone before
Are safe with Him now evermore.

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THE HOPE AND POWER OF HIS RESURRECTION

By Colonel S. I. Brengle

WHEN the tortured, crucified Jesus gave His last expiring cry on the Cross, and His body sank limp and dead, but still held fast by the nails through His hands and feet, the hopes of His disciples died too, and their faith went into total eclipse.

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How these lowly fishermen following Him must have exulted in that hour. Now he would ascend the throne. Now He would be a King; now they would share in His glory, and all their old neighbors would stare and gape in amazement and curious wonder. But lo! the tide turned. The fickle multitude which had so royally welcomed Him one day, were crying out, "Crucify Him!" the next, and instead of ascending a throne He was hung upon a Cross. He had a crown upon His head, but it was of thorns. A man was on His right hand, and one on His left, but they were crucified thieves. He was coming into His Kingdom, but it was by the strait gate of death and the narrow way of the tomb. He had talked of His Kingdom and glory, but what did this shameful death mean? How would they understand Him? Well, He died, their hopes died too. However, they assisted at His burial and then sat, hopeless, disappointed, disillusioned men, they went their way.

He arose as He had said. Hallelujah! He laid down His life and He held the Prince of Life. He broke His bars. He scattered its darkness, He conquered its terrors. He robbed it of its victory. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, thy victory?"

The disheartened disciples saw Him, looked again into His eyes of infinite comprehension and compassion; listened again to His voice that stirred all the depths of memory and called forth all the holiest affections and aroused all the old awe and wonder, and enthusiasm. "By many infallible proofs" (Acts 1: 3). He made them to know that it was He, the very same Jesus whom they had loved, and for whom they had forsaken all to follow, the Christ of God, the patient Teacher, the dear Friend, the faithful Reprover, the bold, uncompromising, unflinching Leader, the deathless Lover, the crucified and dead, but now living, Redeemer and Saviour, their Daysman, Kinsman, God's Lamb that taketh away the sins of the world. Oh, that fateful Good Friday when Jesus died the bewildered disciples found all their hopes turned to ashes, but on Easter morning the ashes burst into quenchless flame, for Jesus was risen.

God's final answer

The resurrection was God's final and complete attestation and vindication of Jesus as the Christ of God. His well beloved Son in whom He was well pleased. At the baptism of Jesus, the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove had descended upon Him, and a voice from heaven had declared, "This is My beloved Son in whom I am well pleased," but later even John the Baptist began to doubt and sent unto Him asking, "Art Thou He that should come, or look we for another?" But the resurrection was God's final and complete answer to every question, and swept away forever every ground of doubt.

Jesus Christ was the revelation of God. In Him the Father was unveiled. The Father's heart of love, of pity, of sympathetic understanding, of infinite yearning, more tender and unfeeling than that of a mother, was made known in Jesus. In Him, too, was seen the Father's hatred of sin. His holiness, His spotless purity, His exact and unswerving justice, and His detestation of all unrighteousness.

Jesus came into the world to reveal the Father, and to do the will of the Father. He also came to save lost man, to save him from his sins and from himself; from his bad nature, his corruption, his bent to evil, his pride and lust, and the deceitfulness of his heart. He came to bring man back to God, into communion with God, in affections, in sympathies, in love, in nature. He came to make us happy, holy, dutiful, unafraid children of the Father once more.

Faith is essential

We are saved by faith. Faith links us unto God. As we trust Him, he can work in us and do for us, but when we doubt we frustrate His good will toward us, and prevent His love from accomplishing all His kindly purposes for us. We must trust Him or He cannot save us. Now Jesus was all the time endeavoring to establish faith in the hearts of His disciples; He wrought His miracles, He uttered His wonderful sayings, that they might believe and yet, they continued to fall back into doubt. Tired and weary, He fell asleep one evening in their little boat, and a storm swept down upon them, and the waves began to leap into their little boat, and in a panic they awakened Him and said, "Master, don't you care that we perish?" He arose and stilled the storm, and quietly asked, "Where is your faith?" Again and again He had to say to them, "O ye of little faith, why do ye doubt?"

Just before His crucifixion He told them plainly that He had come from the Father and that He was going back to the Father. With a glimpse of fleeting insight and in a burst of enthusiasm, they exclaimed, "Lo, now you speak plainly. Now we are sure. By this we believe that Thou camest forth from God." But Jesus knew better than they knew themselves, knew that the foundation which He was building for their faith and hope was not yet complete. He knew how weak and uncertain was their faith, and He quietly replied, "Do you now believe? Behold the hour cometh—yea, is now come, that ye shall be scattered every man to his own, and shall leave Me alone; and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with Me." (John 16: 28-32).

And true, they left Him alone, they fled away and He died alone. The foundation for their faith was not fully laid by His life, His miracles, His words, but it was made complete by His resurrection from the dead. All that they needed now was the baptism of Jesus, the baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire, which should purify their hearts and strengthen them "with might in the inner man" that Christ might live in their hearts by faith. (Eph. 3: 16-19).

The power of His resurrection

With the sure knowledge they now had, and with the Spirit of Christ in them, they had faith now to "face a frowning world," and turn it "upside down." They could now go forth and overthrow every empire of evil, and topple over every throne founded on injustice and upheld by the pomp of mere earthly pride and power. With them "came the Almighty Holy Ghost." "All power in Heaven and earth" belonged to their Master and they were His ministers, His ambassadors, and He was behind them. They spoke and worked by His authority and all His infinite resources of power, and love, and patience, and long-suffering were at the disposal of their faith. They could ask for what was needed in the accomplishment of the superhuman task to which He had set them, and it would be given them. They were insufficient of themselves for their work, but their "sufficiency was of God." They were to "know the power of His resurrection," and he made partakers of that power. The power that had raised their Master from the dead was the same power that wrought in them. (Eph. 1: 18-20). Hallelujah! Oh, the wonder of it! It inspired them. It thrilled them. It made them unafraid and unconquerable in the face of all the massed and mocking forces of sin and hell.

They looked into the eyes of their foes without quailing. They faced whippings, and stonings, and imprisonments without faltering. If they suffered for the cause and name of their dear Master, they counted it a joy. If they were imprisoned they sang Psalms in the night, and got the jailers converted. They rejoiced in tribulation. They gloried in affliction and distress. They smiled at death for they knew it had no sting for them, and they shouted over the grave for it was already spoiled and robbed of its victory. They posted over land and sea to tell to all the world the

wondrous story of the resurrection, and everywhere the heavenly power went with them, and hoary superstitious, and the haunting fears of sin's black night began to vanish away.

Through the faith perfected in them by the resurrection of Jesus, they were led to wait for and receive His baptisms with the Holy Ghost, and Christ was revealed in their hearts.

Henceforth for them "to live was Christ, and to die was gain." (Phil. 1: 21). He was the Vine. They were the branches, and as the branch receives life and power from the vine, so their life and power were from Christ; and as the vine produces fruit through the branches, so the fruit of Christ's life and spirit was formed in them.

How they loved!

In Him was sacrificial, deathless love, and this love was reproduced in them also. Oh, how they loved! They loved their enemies. They prayed for their persecutors; when Stephen was stoned to death, he prayed, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." And when the love of some of his brethren for Paul failed, he wrote, "I will gladly spend and be spent for you; though the more abundantly I love you, the less I be loved."

Joy, the very joy of Jesus, was perfected in them. He bequeathed His joy to them. Bless Him! When He died He was so poor. He had nothing to leave them but His joy. But what a treasure! (John 1: 4).

Yes, He did also leave them His peace. "My peace, I leave with you!" It was the resurrection peace, the peace of an assured and endless life over which death has no power. Storms might rage around them, but that deep central peace flowed on all undisturbed, for it entered into them from the Father through their union with the resurrected Jesus.

Now, too, long-suffering was perfected in them. Eternity was in their hearts. They were no longer creatures of time, and they could well afford to wait and bear long with the poor slaves of sin about them, as did their dear Saviour. Oh, how patient He had been with them! And for His sake and by His indwelling spirit they too became patient.

It is for you

The gentleness, the goodness, the faith, the meekness and temperance, or self-control, of their Lord, all these were reproduced in them, and made manifest in word and deed. It was Christ living His life in them.

Can this resurrection life and power be yours and mine? Is it for all? Yes, it is for all, it is for you, and me. It is for every living branch, great or small, which is in the true Vine. Do you believe that He rose from the dead? Do you believe that He is the living Christ and not simply a dead Jew in a Jerusalem grave? And do you with joy confess with your mouth? Then this resurrection life and power and undying hope is yours; if you will receive it. "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved," and in that salvation are all the vast powers and deathless hopes and overflowing joys of His resurrection life, to be drawn upon by faith as men who have an account draw money from their bank to meet their need. And now according to our faith it shall be unto us.

Christ both Died, and Rose'

Romans 14-9

By The General

Life from the dead! This is the great fact of our Salvation. 'Up from the grave He arose' This poor old earth had never seen anything like that before! The dust had received the Dust, and now—just as He had said—here is the Dust living and moving again. 'O Death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' He had to die—it was inevitable. He was born to die. He said so—'For this hour came I forth.' Death was His earthly goal. The shadow of death was over Him all through the journey of life. His will was death—I lay down My life.' He said, 'no man taketh it from Me.' His obedience was unto death. His love leaped to meet it—even the death of the Cross. Death was the subdued undertone of all His earthly experience. And yet Death was pointing always to a new Life—a new—a larger—a more victorious Life. And when He walked out of Joseph's garden, passing the Roman Sentinels, and away to the City to meet His own, everything in human life was seen in a new light and took on a new appearance.

All our Hopes in Him

This Living Jesus is the very centre of our faith and hope. We trust ourselves—body and soul—to Him for life and death. We leave our dearest in His hands. All our hopes for this poor, wrecked, derelict world are in Him. He is our inspiration. He is our vision of a better life. He is the power of that life. He is the Light descending on our darkness. He is Comfort. He is Peace. He is Joy.

Yes, and He is Life—our very Life. When we were perishing of thirst, He was our Water of Life. When famishing with hunger, He was our Bread of Life. When we were sick, He brought us health. When we were like to perish for lack of knowledge, He was our Living Word. When death—soul-death—stared us in the face, He came by, saying, 'He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live' yea, and 'shall never die.' And because He lives we live also. Truly we may spell His wonderful Name as a New Name, spell it to be Life—abundant LIFE—everlasting LIFE.

WHERE JESUS LAST STOOD

Sacred Associations of the Mount of Olives

The place where Jesus last stood, and the place where, if we understand the Bible aright, He will again stand when He returns to earth to establish His Kingdom, is the Mount of Olives.

Few places around Jerusalem, the Holy City, are more interesting to the visitor, especially to the visitor who knows and loves the Bible story, than this Mount. It commands views of Jerusalem, Bethany, the Dead Sea, the Garden of Gethsemane, and that "green hill, far away," where the price of the world's redemption was paid in blood. Near the foot is the Garden of Agony, enclosed by a high wall, and a number of towering trees rear themselves from its hollowed ground.

A noted city

The top of Olivet is the very best point from which to get a good view of Jerusalem. You seem to be looking right down upon it. Around that city, for a thousand years before the birth of Christ, all the principal events woven into the history of the Bible are clustered. It was to this city that David brought up the Ark, amidst the gladness of the rejoicing people, from Kirjath-jearim, where it had remained from the time of its return from captivity among the Philistines. It was to this place that he so often returned in triumph from his victories over the enemies of Israel.

There it was that "Solomon in all his glory" swayed his peaceful

sceptre over the nation in the palmiest days of its history. There it was that Isaiah delivered the impassioned strains of his glorious and sublime prophecies. There it was that, in answer to the earnest prayers of the good King Hezekiah, the mighty host of Assyria was cut off, by one fell stroke of the destroying angel's sword. And there it was that Jeremiah uttered his pathetic lamentations over the desolations of Zion.

Where David reigned

Looking towards the south you see the country stretching away towards Hebron, so intimately associated with the memory of the patriarch—Abraham, Isaac and Jacob—and where David reigned for seven years, over Judah alone.

The view towards the east is still more striking. Glances of the clear, briny water of the Dead Sea are distinctly visible. The winding course of the river Jordan may be traced by the line of verdure that marks its bed. It is some ten or twelve miles distant from the summit of the Mount, and the intervening miles of desert, barren hills, from the wilderness, into which Jesus "was led by the Spirit" and through which He wandered during the forty days when He was tempted of the Devil.

As you stand upon the top of Olivet it is interesting to remember that it was around the side of this Mount that David, with his little band of faithful followers, went forth weeping when he fled from Jerusalem, hearing of the rebellion of his son Absalom. It was at the top of this Mount that he met his friend Hushai, and sent him back to upset the counsels of Ahithophel; and here he had his last

view of the rebellious city. But after all it is its intimate connection with so many scenes in the history of our Saviour's life that gives to the Mount of Olives its principal interest and charm. It was from the brow of this Mount that He "beheld the city and wept over it," as His fore-seeing eye looked down through the coming years and saw the desolations that were to overtake it. It was here that Jesus sat with His three chosen disciples and poured into their astonished ears the wondrous words of the prophecy which told them of the overthrow of Jerusalem, and of the sufferings, persecutions, probable death, and final triumph of His followers.

Amazing scenes

From here He told the beautiful parables of the Ten Virgins and the Five Talents. It was on the side of the Mount, as we have seen, that the Garden lay to which He "oft-times resorted with His disciples," and in which the amazing scenes of His "agonizing and bloody sweat" were enacted. Here during the closing days of His life He used to retire, evening by evening, to seek rest in meditation and prayer when weary and harassed by the labors and trials of the day. It became one of the spots most frequented by the Man of Sorrows.

When the prophet Zechariah is describing the coming again of Jesus to our world he tells us distinctly that "His feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives." Thus this spot is connected at once with His departure and return, for it was as Jesus stood and blessed His disciples that a cloud descended and received Him up out of their sight.

THE MOTHER LOVE

The mother of Iscariot Was never done Telling the women at the well, Or in the market-place, Or on the windy roofs At set of sun, How of the twelve He chose To follow Him, Her son was one.

They wearied of the telling, Yet she erred In such a mothering sweet way, That through the year, Half pitying, half envying, They heard, and hearing, smiled, Or shook their heads, Or sighed, But said no word.

Three years with Him—three years— And then—the dread— The thunderous dark, Earthquake and blinding light, Spears—torches flaring red— The frenzied mob— And One who hung between, With thorn-bowed head.

Iscariot's mother—afterward— Timid and grey, Stealing by twilight to the well, Or through the market-place, Knowing they knew— Heard whisperings, Saw faces turned away, Knew that they knew And blamed them not— There was no more to say.

Christian faith is like a grand Cathedral with beautifully painted windows; standing without one sees little glory, but standing within every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendor.

'But God'

By C

I have been surprised to notice the writings of the early disciples, but the older I get the more the faith from the dead takes hold of me as the faith.

What a mighty change the resurrection Look at Peter—impulsive, boastful and courageous and humble. Thomas—timid (if legend is true and the probabilities messenger of the Gospel to distant India. Christians, and a blasphemer of the name revelation that Christ lived into the great A the instrument of saving Christianity from sect and causing it to become a world-wide.

These men besides many others were w They spoke and wrote of what they knew a felt the Saviour's resurrection power in t changed them to new men, given them co filled them with a burning zeal for the Sal of the 20th century who have learned to kn can also boldly witness to His resurrection

HAVE you realized what happened at Calvary on the first Good Friday—the shame and the pathos of the crucifixion scene? How the enemies of the Saviour could not let Him alone even when He hung on the Cross, but reviled Him with horrible words and insulting gestures? And how, in the midst of the wild riot, at the very foot of the cross, were gathered a few faithful women?

Foes and friends

When upon earth Jesus inspired in human hearts either hate or love. Then, as now, He had His foes and His friends. The insincere religious professors of His day did not relish His exposure of their shams and pretences. Crowds of indifferent people, for no reason in the world, took sides against Him. Sinners did not like His rebuke of their sins. Very faithfully did Jesus seek to save all who heard Him. Alas! few responded to His call, but those who did, came to love Him with a love strong as death.

What a disgraceful picture of the dark possibilities of human nature Good Friday's scenes present! When that terrible Cross was lifted up with the innocent victim upon it, one would have thought the most hardened would have turned their faces away in horror. But no, His enemies all stood there to stare at Him. Not in silence, either, but to fling jeers and insults into His beautiful, though blood-stained face. The artist, with true feeling, has wisely hidden from us that face, but the clamorous crowd could see it, so far as the darkened sky overhead allowed them to do so.

Not alone guilty

But do not think that those ancient foes of Christ were alone guilty in this. Every sinner who to-day rejects Him is equally to blame. Nowadays there are men who laugh insultingly at their Saviour, and treat His call with contempt. The associations of Good Friday are nothing to them; they feel no pity for His brow, bleeding under the crown of thorns, nor for His pierced hands or feet or side! Nor for the deep anguish which broke His heart.

'Rose'

Romans 14:9

will be felt in every part, and His life be station of our life.

In our moral life.
In our prayer-life.
In our zeal for His glory.
In our victory over temptation.
dead, seen—not in the old dress which He among the people of Judea—but seen by clearly—seen and recognized as the living from the Dead.

and if so are you ready to go further?
He Risen in You?
akness, of corruption, of lust and hate—in ad in trespasses and sins all around you— are you doing to bring Life to the dead? as He clothed Himself with your life, so that recognize the spirit of Jesus, once dead but t call aloud to you to come and help Him in g His life to the world? Will you follow? breaking forever with some indulgence—or which has poisoned the wells of your life— haps you will have to cast off some death- grave of self and self-seeking, and dare to arthly gain and glory. Never mind—He . It is His way. It is the way of Life. —dead and risen again—that you must see ded, forsaken of God, given up to death, you a malefactor condemned, if not already lost. so see yourself risen—alive for evermore— led—and sanctified—both dead and risen more to seek and to save that which is lost.

THE MOTHER LOVE

The mother of Iscariot
Was never done
Telling the women at the well,
Or in the market-place.
Or on the windy roofs
At set of sun,
How of the twelve He chose
To follow Him,
Her son was one.
They wearied of the telling,
Yet she erred
In such a mothering sweet way,
That through the year
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Or shook their heads,
Or sighed,
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Three years with Him—three years—
And then—the dread—
The thunderous dark,
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And One who hung between,
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There was no more to say.

Christian faith is like a grand Cathedral with beautifully painted windows; standing without one sees little glory, but standing within every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendor.

'But God Raised Him from the Dead.'

Acts 13:30

By Commissioner Charles Soboton

Territorial Commander, Canada East.

I have been surprised to notice the great prominence given in the writings of the early disciples to the resurrection of Christ, but the older I get the more the fact of the raising of Christ from the dead takes hold of me as the one great pivot of Christian faith.

What a mighty change the resurrection wrought in the Apostles! Look at Peter—impulsive, boastful and weak; but afterwards bold, courageous and humble. Thomas—timid and doubting, yet becoming (if legend is true and the probabilities are in its favor) the first messenger of the Gospel to distant India. Paul—a persecutor of the Christians, and a blasphemer of the name of Christ—changed by the revelation that Christ lived into the great Apostle of the Gentiles, and the instrument of saving Christianity from becoming only a Jewish sect and causing it to become a world-wide religion.

These men besides many others were witnesses to the resurrection. They spoke and wrote of what they knew and had seen, and had also felt the Saviour's resurrection power in their own hearts. It had changed them to new men, given them confidence in their mission, and filled them with a burning zeal for the Salvation of others. And we of the 20th century who have learned to know Jesus as our risen Lord can also boldly witness to His resurrection—for God still needs wit-

nesses. And the power of personal testimony is as great as ever.

Further, the verse I have quoted also says: "God raised him up." God was the magnet that drew Him from the tomb, and we who love Him have been drawn from the death of sin, worldliness, and indifference by that same mighty power which has broken the bonds of the grave and made us (already here) to sit in heavenly places with Christ Jesus.

Lastly, I would like to emphasize that the reality of the resurrection became the driving power in all the early followers of Christ, the incentive to all their work, the joy of their hearts, their hope for the future and their certain assurance of success. "Christ is risen" were the words often upon their lips, and with this message they "went everywhere preaching the word" and "signs and wonders were done in the name of the holy child Jesus."

The catacombs of Rome in which so many thousands of early Christians were buried are filled with inscriptions regarding the resurrection, and all the way down through the ages this has been the theme of God's earnest followers in every land.

So let our message this Easter tide be the same as of old, so that to every halting, doubting, fearful soul we meet may come with fresh power the words, "Christ is Risen."

LOVE AND HATE

"There stood by the Cross of Jesus His mother, and His mother's sister, Mary the wife of Clophas, and Mary Magdalene." John xviii. 25.
"The rulers derided Him." Luke xxiii. 35.

The story is told of a modern man who, happening to catch sight of a picture of the crucifixion on a wall, sneered "Is that still going on?" It is still going on. The death of Jesus is the most abiding fact in history, and, sad to say, sinners' contempt of Him is an abiding fact too.

But happily the shameful death of Jesus has in other cases created indignation. When a heathen king first heard the story of the crucifixion he is said to have stopped the narrator and, stamping his foot to have exclaimed, "Would to God I and my brave soldiers had been there!" But that history however tragic cannot be reversed.

Though "wicked hands crucified and slew" Jesus brought good out of evil. However strange it may appear, the very malignity and hate of men was made to serve the purposes of God's love and the Salvation of sinners. "He was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities." How tender all hearts ought to be towards Jesus!

Won complete devotion

While He moved in and out among the people, Jesus won the complete devotion of some hearts. Some of His disciples followed Him to the Cross. Among the women was His mother. Brave women, standing there though her heart was pierced with such sorrow!

But there were other women there, among whom we are told was Mary Magdalene, out of whom Jesus had cast seven devils.

How can any one, with any true feeling in them, look at the Cross unmoved? That is what sin will always do to Jesus. See there, we repeat, an object-lesson of the possibilities which lie in any life of wrong-doing. You have done that.

sinners, you! You have plaited a crown of thorns for Jesus' brow. You have nailed His hands and feet, you have pierced His side.

In reminding you of this we have no wish merely to stir your imagination or your pity. We ask that with faith and love you should look at your dying Lord. There, on that Cross, He died for sinners in order to prevent their eternal death. He suffered the pangs of shame, the desertion of God that sinners would otherwise live to bear for themselves.

Let it pierce you

"They shall look on Him whom they have pierced." Let the thought that you have pierced Him pierce you! The day came when many of those who had actually a hand in the crucifixion were pricked in the heart.

Look at Him whom you have pierced. Will you be a party to His rejection any longer? Take the look of saving faith. Look and in that look begin to live, just as health came to the serpent-bitten Israelites in the desert as they looked to the brazen serpent. Do you not feel the punishment of the Cross?

Take a life look just now at Jesus—He hangs on the Cross for you. Whenever the godless crowd may do, surely you cannot join them by insulting Him? Look again into His face, the face of dying love and grace.

Do you not feel ashamed that ever you treated Him shamefully? Do you not feel a flush on your face, a quivering reverence for Him, a thrill of love in the heart? You are not among the haters of the Saviour there but of His lovers! If that be so why remain in the crowd? Why not press through them all to the foot of the Cross? Force your way, in spite of the scoffs and jeers of

the world, like the grateful woman of old, to Jesus' feet.

Will you after all this turn away scornfully? Are you really prepared to belong to that hideous crowd of those who shout "Crucify Him, crucify Him!"? They at the beginning were possibly little concessions of the horror of their deed, and Jesus prayed "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do," but are you ignorant of what you are doing?

Many of those who were parties to the crucifixion repented on the day of Pentecost, when the truth was preached to them, but you hesitate to repent of your unbelief and refusal of Jesus. We refuse to believe such things of you. Surely you will say as you see the Saviour before you—

Love so amazing, so Divine,

Demands my soul, my life, my all.

What confusion overcame those early enemies of the Lord, what justification there was for the courageous woman who took her place so bravely at the foot of the Cross!

For when Jesus died it was not the end of Him. Good Friday was quickly followed by Easter Sunday. That very woman, who was there at the foot of the Cross on Good Friday, who followed Jesus' body to the grave in the garden, found early on Easter Sunday morning that He had risen from the dead, and heard Him call her by her name. The future will certainly justify all who believe in Jesus and witness boldly for Him.

Appeals to you now

What is your attitude towards Him? Jesus, dying once on the Cross, is now alive. He appeals to you now. He will presently be your judge. The love or the hatred of Jesus is an index of character and a forecast of your destiny. We beseech you, therefore, not to reject Him, but to receive His Blood-bought Salvation. Take sides against His enemies. Stand boldly for Him, saying, "He died for me. He loves me and lives for me; therefore will I also live and, if needs be, die for love of Him!"

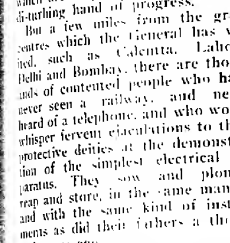
ON THE PL

OCCASIONAL references to the "War Cry" cables from India to the presence in the General's Meetings of comrades who have travelled many miles from the country in order to hear him, remind one of the great areas of rural India which are as yet untouched by the guiding hand of progress.

phrases most needed to lead souls into the Kingdom of God are to be found in the oft-repeated words of Army chorus or song. This is equally true of European and Oriental tongues. Few, if any languages are more difficult for a European to master than the "clicks" of certain African tribes, but even with these, prayer and faith and effort and practice have effected what the world would count miraculous.

A Doctor of Divinity who had been studying certain Indian languages for half a lifetime, with only very uncertain success, once declared that the most wonderful language he had met was a certain Salvation Army Officer who had at his command some four or five vernacular languages of the East. Yet, at the time of his conversion this master of speech was a poor, plough-boy who could scarcely read even his

The Officer nominated by the



At first glance the patronizing Westerner is inclined to pity the simple folk, but the most thorough inspection of their mode of life leads one to a more sympathetic and appreciative understanding. No one's debility is unknown in the average Indian village and with it the whole train of disorders which the Westerner must accept as a part of his progressive and intensive civilization.

mother-tongue!

I wonder if it will ever be known what the Army has done in translating the Bible into new tongues; or what, indeed, it has done, in some cases, in inventing a written language for people who, until they came within its influence had only speech as their method of communication.

But no reference to the Army's triumph over the difficulties of language would be complete without a

(Continued on page 12)

Its Solemn Observance Through
the Ages

Its Solemn Observance Through
the Ages

Easter is the greatest festival of the Christian Church, because of the resurrection of Christ therefrom. It commemorates the resurrection which implies the restoration of life to the world which has been ruined; whilst it is faith in the resurrection which has converted much of the world to Christ.

If Christ be not risen," declared Paul in his first Epistle to the Corinthians, "then is our preaching vain. But Christ is risen from the dead and become the first-fruits of them that slept. For since he came death, by man came the resurrection of the dead. For as Adam all die, even so in Christ

LANGUAGES

Arters

traces most needed to lead souls to the Kingdom of God are those to be found in the oft-repeated words of Army chorus or song. This is equally true of European and oriental tongues. Few, if any languages are more difficult for a European to master than the "clicks" of certain African tribes, but even these, prayer and faith and effort and practice have worked what would count miraculous. A Doctor of Divinity who had been studying certain Indian languages for half a lifetime, with only uncertain success, once declared that the most wonderful linguistic had met was a certain Salvation Army Officer who had at his command some four or five vernacular languages of the East. Yet, at the time of his conversion this master speech was a poor plough-boy could scarcely read even his



Army

-tongue! Under if it will ever be known the Army has done in translating the Bible into new tongues; indeed, it has done, in ages, in inventing a written language for people who, until then, their influence had only been their method of communi-

o reference to the Army's over the difficulties of language would be complete without a (Continued on page 17)

ON THE PLAINS OF THE SACRED RIVER:

PEOPLE THE GENERAL MET IN INDIA : : : : :

OCCASIONAL references in the "War Cry" cables from India to the presence in the country of comrades who have travelled many miles from the country in order to hear him, remind one of the great areas of rural India which are as yet untouched by the disturbing hand of progress.

But a few miles from the great centres which the General has visited, such as Calcutta, Lahore, Delhi and Bombay, there are thousands of contented people who have never seen a railway, and never heard of a telephone, and who would never permit explanations to their protective deities at the demonstration of the simplest electrical apparatus. They sow and plough, reap and store, in the same manner and with the same kind of instruments as did their fathers a thousand years ago.

At first glance the patronizing Westerner is inclined to pity these simple folk, but the most hurried inspection of their mode of life leads one to a more sympathetic and appreciative understanding. Nervous debility is unknown in the average Indian village and with it the whole train of disorders which the Westerner must accept as a part of his progressive and intensive civilization.

All along the Ganges valley, from the western peak of the Himalayas to the great delta which the sacred river has built up from the sand collected in its rapid journey through the plains, there live millions of these rural inhabitants. Their lives are singularly uneventful. Rising with the quick dawn they scratch the earth of their paddy fields with ploughs which look like long, carry water from the well, bake their chappatis, grind their curry, bathe in the turbid river if the crocodiles are not too fond of the locality, splash the dung fuel on their mud walls to dry, chaffer for fruit with the gesticulating tradesmen, make obeisance to their gods according to their caste, and sleep again as the sun blazes the colors from the sky and calls from her bed the silver figured moon.

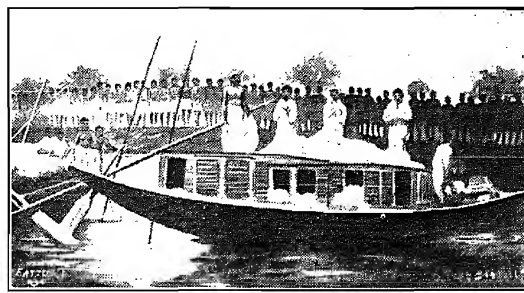
Visiting one of these native villages the Westerner is impressed by the violent contradictions which constantly intrude themselves. The place is a riot of gorgeous color, every palm and bush two degrees greener than the greenest European tree, standing in insolent contrast to the hard blueness of the fleckless sky, crude shadows and blinding sunlight dividing the yellow earth

into grotesque mosaic around the brown huts. Yet one note of real music cannot be heard.

Fondly imagining that such richness of environment would produce a responding musical expression, the visitor is thrilled by the sheer uncanoniness of the sullen tom-tom, gripped by the passion of the religious chant, amused by the childishness of the strangled instruments, but never rewarded in his search for music as he understands the word. Even so, in the midst of his amusements, the Westerner is conscious of his lack of a key in possession of which he could enter mys-

although a heavier tool would probably mean a record crop at each of the harvests of the year. Born into a limited environment, these rural Ganges valley folk have no yearnings for the ways of the outer world, and only when cunning political agitators fill their childlike minds with vague questionings do they know that curious disease called "unrest," which seem to be the inevitable lot of all peoples who reach out to better things. And yet they are strangely wise in their own way. Their priestly teachers tell them such legends as this:

There was once a brook which



Army Relief Boat in famine-stricken India—Salvation Army Officers taking a boatload of rice to a famine-stricken district near Calcutta. In times of famine all kinds of transportation are requisitioned, including boats which can easily navigate the shallow rivers.

tical realms unknown to the Occident and of which the music of the villagers is the more concrete expression.

The women move with silent grace, their lithe bodies swaying from the hips as proudly as though royal blood flowed through their humble veins; they swing from ground to shoulder heaving water chatis, sit round babies astride their waists and conduct the heavy manual labor of the village with a grave facility which excites profound admiration for these silent women, until the market-place or the washing stones are reached. Then the gravity is suddenly displaced by such shrill fusillades of continuous exclamation that the smile of the sphinx gives way to that of a starling's nest on a stormy evening.

Because his father used a tiny plough the son never dreams of constructing a better implement,

tumbling down the Himalayas, passed a little pond which cried to the brook in passing, "If you give your waters away you will soon dry up. Conserve yourself as I do!" The brook took no notice of the counsel thus offered, but tripped on down the hillside, giving life to the vegetation, cattle and the men and women, generous to all and refusing none. As it flowed it grew into a mighty river and finally threw itself in the last grand act of giving into the eternal sea. And the pond, conserving its waters, perished under the sun's hot rays.

The river Ganges plays an important part in the life of the people who dwell upon its banks. They believe in its personality as a god, their sacred books telling them that the river sprang out of the head of another god. A drought is the sign of the god's displeasure, a year of much rain and consequently water for their crops, a sign of the god's

pleasure in their conduct. Flowing through the sandy plains this sacred river carries with it to the sea many secrets of the mistaken devotion of northern rural India. From the villages little craft put out, the rowers using their feet to manipulate the oars with wonderful dexterity, sometimes throwing out long seine nets for fish, sometimes carrying merchandise in long hooded boats. When the hay is gathered in, those whose fields adjoin the river bank, build huge stacks on to the boats direct, until the vessel itself is completely hidden and the stranger is startled by what he thinks are floating hay-racks drifting aimlessly down toward the sea.

Except in places where the Army and other missionary agencies have established schools there is no regular means of education, and childish superstition sits side by side with fragments of profound philosophy in the minds of these gentle children of India.

Their very apparent contentedness is in itself a contradiction of the facts in many cases, for the money-lender and the priest dominate over the villagers, and the Hindu religion is largely made up of fear. The ancient system of hereditary debt often cripples the young man's ambition and practically makes him a slave for life, often because of the transgressions of his forbears, and "War Cry" readers are aware of the terrible forms which debased Hinduism takes. The temples of rural India could tell many tales of nameless horrors.

These glimpses of the true children of India—for in the cities they become half-educated, sophisticated creatures with all the sins and a few of the qualities of the white man—make for a better understanding of the reason why our Missionary Officers love the people to whom they go and with whom they live. Mrs. Booth has recently been emphasizing the danger of educating the non-Christian peoples in Western thought without teaching them the way of life through Christ, and every town and city in India could show terrible results which have already followed such practices. Where, however, the simple villager is taught how to live in true relationship with God, there is the possibility of gradually supplanting the century-old inbred false religious thought with a deep loyalty to Christ which will develop all the natural charm of the true child of the Great Empire.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF EASTER

Its Solemn Observance Throughout the Ages

Easter is the greatest festival of the Christian Church, because the resurrection of Christ therein commemorated implies the restoration of life to the world which sin has ruined; whilst it is faith in the resurrection which has converted so much of the world to Christ.

"If Christ be not risen," declares Paul in his first Epistle to the Corinthians, "then is our preaching vain. But Christ is risen from the dead and become the first-fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall

all be made alive. But every man in his own order: Christ the first-fruits; afterwards they that are Christ's at His coming."

The date of Easter Day is fixed by what is called the "calendar moon," and it cannot fall earlier than March 22nd, or later than April 25th. It is the opinion of many Biblical authorities that the first Easter Day fell on April 17th.

The name Easter, according to "The Venerable Bede," whose historical works cover a wide range and are invaluable in the outline they give of the early records of Britain, is derived from Eostre, a Saxon Goddess, whose festival was observed in the spring; but it is quite possible that it originates from the Saxon verb "oster," which signifies "to rise." Of course, it was comparatively easy for our Christian forefathers to impute the "Festival

of Eostre" with a sacred significance—joy at the awakening of nature from the death of winter readily lending itself to translation into joy at the resurrection of our Lord from the tomb.

One of the most popular observances associated with the festival is the honor paid to the homely egg at Eastertide, as an emblem of the resurrection—"that which is seemingly dead being yet alive."

The observance is common to most Christian countries, and a very large and curious collection of Easter eggs is to be found in a museum at Cracow, the old capital of Poland, the designs on a number of them being a survival of the ancient symbols accounted sacred by the Aryan tribes of Eastern Europe; whilst many of the Slavonic villages have special designs which have been handed down for ages,

and which are retained to the present day.

In olden times eggs were strictly forbidden as food during Lent in England. But they were invariably brought to the breakfast table on Easter morning, colored red to symbolize joy at the resurrection.

In the days before the Reformation they were solemnly blessed in the churches with the following prayer: "Bless, O God, we beseech Thee, this Thy creature of eggs, that it may become a wholesome sustenance to Thy faithful servants, eating it in thankfulness to Thee on account of the resurrection of Our Lord."

In Germany hares modelled in sugar, or made of papier mache, and filled with bon-bons, are to be found in the shops as emblems of Easter.

CAN A POOR SINNER COME TO JESUS?

Dr. Mrs. Adjutant Ham, Windsor 1

THE open-air meeting was in full swing, and the words "Can a poor sinner come to Jesus?" had been outlined by the leader, the Band had played the verse, and all were singing the chorus. "Yes, oh, yes, he can come just now!"

Standing on the sidewalk, overcoat buttoned up to the neck, stood a man, well dressed but decidedly dejected-looking. Apparently he was not taking a deep interest in the proceedings, but God was working. After the conclusion of the meeting the man wandered around aimlessly, but flashing and re-flashing through his mind was the question, "Can a poor sinner come to Jesus?" He was a sinner, an unhappy sinner, a despondent sinner, a miserable sinner, a poor sinner. Could he come to Jesus? And to every argument he framed, to every excuse he gave, came the answer "Yes, oh, yes, he can come just now."

The misery and unhappiness increased until the poor sinner resolved to come to Jesus. Could he come? Yes! and he came and found pardon.

To-day he stands on the street-corner, but happiness beams from his eyes, a smile lights his countenance

because he has come to Jesus, and his greatest delight is to proclaim the message that sinners can come to Jesus.

There are many asking the same question to-day, but in what spirit? There comes the critical, cynical questioner, who doubts the possibility of Salvation, the power of God, the Divinity of Jesus. "Can a poor sinner come to Jesus?" To that person the answer is, "Yes, oh, yes, poor sinners can come and do come, and God does save them." If you are doubting and questioning, come to Jesus and prove His power.

Then there is the poor sinner conscious of guilt who questions whether God will condescend to listen to his cry and says in the bitterness of his heart, "Can a poor sinner come to Jesus?" Despondent one, "Yes, oh yes, he can come just now." You can come, just now while the precious Blood is flowing.

Come now, come and prove that He can and does forgive.

Where there is Faith there is Love.
Where there is Love there is Peace.
Where there is Peace there is God.
Where God is there is no Need.

TWO LETTERS AND A SUGGESTION

HOW TO HELP HEADQUARTERS

BEAUTIFULLY simple and yet intensely practical is the spirit revealed in the following letter which recently arrived at Headquarters:

Commissioner Sowton, Toronto.

Dear Sir: I am enclosing a cheque for fifty dollars which my sister left to the Salvation Army when she departed this life. She said that more than once when staying in Toronto she felt the comforting influence of the Army Band, which she heard nearby. Although we have never been members of the Army we have always had a warm spot in our hearts for them, because we know they are always working so diligently for the Master. Trusting that this small amount will be of some service in Christ's Name as my sister wished.

Perhaps we can best instance the many calls which are made upon Headquarters by printing another letter, which speaks for itself:—
Dear Sir:

Having no husband supporting me, I write to ask whether you could be good this Christmas to my children, B—, fourteen years and M—,

twelve years, I am supporting them by washing and cleaning. I also have two grandchildren aged five years and three years, whose mother has to work to keep them.

Not only at Christmas but the whole year round calls are made upon the sympathies and the funds of the Army, and invariably met with as liberal a hand as circumstances warrant. Donations to help in this connection are urgently needed.

Many friends who are desirous of assisting the work of the Army find it inconvenient to do as much as they would like in ready cash. To such we would suggest their remembering to include something in their Will. Any information will be gladly supplied on application to Commissioner Sowton, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont.

To all who are not constant readers of this journal, we desire to point out that a 16 page "War Cry" is issued weekly at a charge of 5 cents, and we invite all readers of the present issue who do not receive the paper ordinarily to communicate with the nearest Officer upon the subject.



Some of the happy youngsters in one of the Army's Homes for Children.

In the Children's Home many orphans are cared for, as well as numbers of children who only have one parent. Fathers with no one to look after their motherless little ones

turn to us, as does also the deserted wife, who must earn the support of herself and child. The ages of the children range from two to twelve years. We endeavor to keep the fam-

ily idea in mind and make the Institution a real home. The average length of stay is twelve months, as usually other arrangements can then be made by relatives or friends. In

the case of orphans, adoption is arranged, and many a little one has gone from us to find, as one little fellow put it, "A real Papa and Mamma," who could supply a home and loving care.

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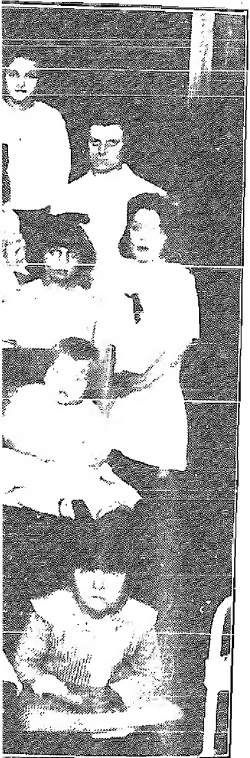
HEADQUARTERS

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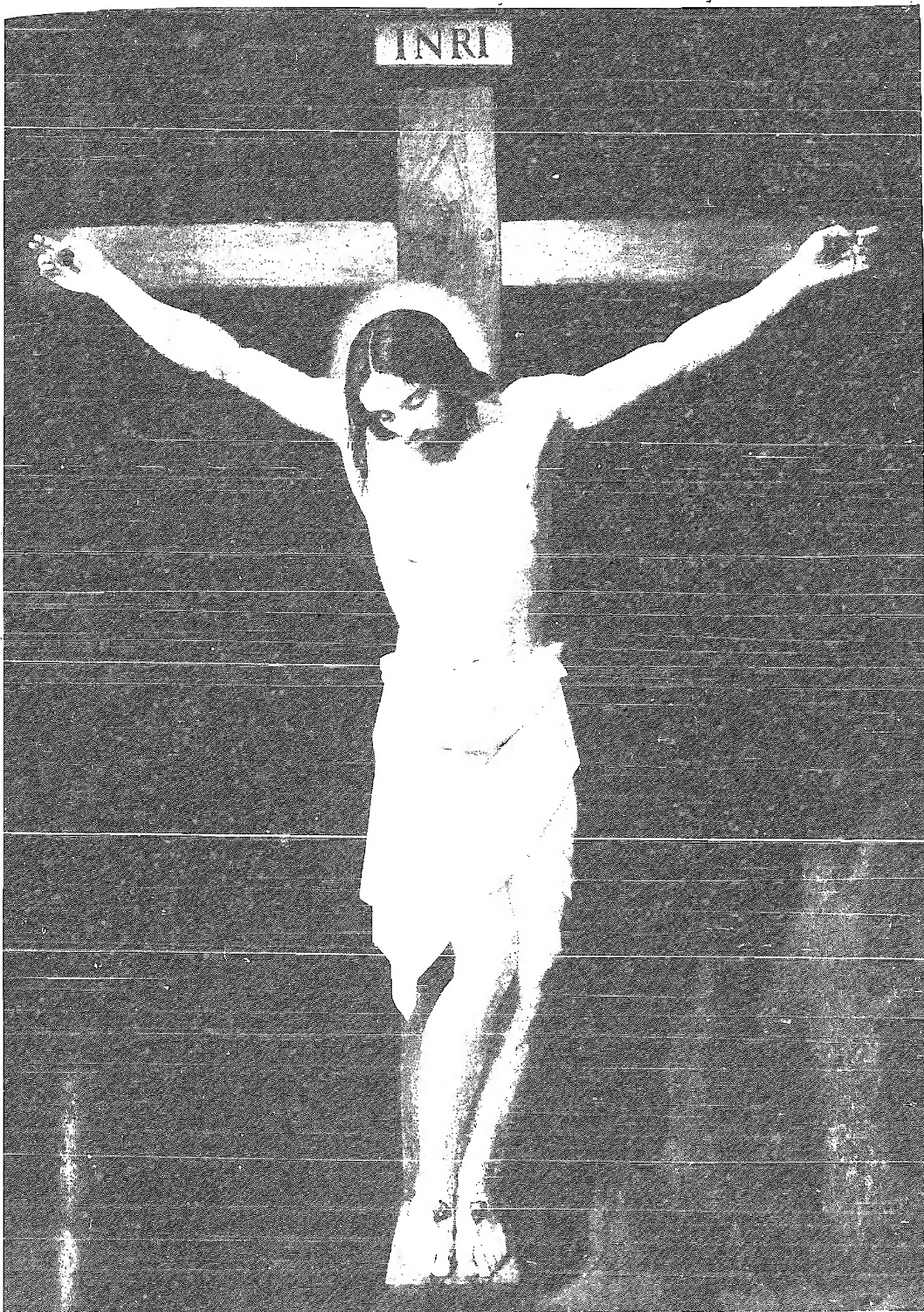
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They Crucified Him **Act: 23-33**



"They seek ye the living among the dead. He is not here, but is risen."



the living among the dead. "He is not here, but is risen."—Luke 24: 5-6.



Now when Jesus was risen early the first day of the week, He appeared first to Mary Magdalene, out of whom He had cast seven devils. And she went and told them that had been with Him as they mourned and wept. And they, when they had heard that He was alive, and had been seen of her, believed not. Mark 16, 9-11

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DEAD! The village was de-
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a gentle, hill-rimmed valley, strag-
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which straggled out irregularly
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A strange silence broods over

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number, crashing through its

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THERE IS NO DEATH

Through the village ap-

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'THERE IS NO DEATH!'

An Easter Message by Commander Evangeline Booth, New York

DEAD! The village was dead! Shell wrecked, it lay in the hollow and along one slope of a gentle, hill-rimmed valley, straddling the narrow, dusty road with the turn rows of devastated homes which straggled out irregularly into the surrounding unfilled fields.

A strange silence broods over the lonely and cheerless scene. Ah, that is it! The hungry guns are silent. Their four-year discord of hate and murder, crashing through its final fortissimo movement into a concert of destruction, is ended.

Patches of dull-red tile from riven roofs show here and there—like the clotted blood of slain beasts—among the tortured ruin of fallen walls and fire-twisted girders. Whirlwinds of gray dust eddy lazily between the uncovered graves, as though making a futile and melancholy attempt to unfold again the rudely disinterred dead of the centuries-old graveyard—war knows no sacred ground—while a splintered wooden crucifix hangs loosely on the weirdly torn walls where twenty generations of peaceful villagers have worshipped the Prince of Peace.

From the hilltop all seems dead—dead with the cold and rigid death of a thousand neglected years! Not one breath of life in the dreary and devastated village!

But the sweet Spring breeze, blowing warmly up from the South, gently whispers: "I am the life-renewer, the harbinger of happy Summer days, the herald of fruitful harvests, the call of animation to a myriad of thrashing living things in land, in hill, in dale. Man, thou art a fool!"

"THERE IS NO DEATH!" Through the village ripples a

singing streamlet, swollen into a current of leaping and laughing gold. In strange little inlets which once were ugly shell craters, it swirls and then sweeps on to wash with delicate fingers the fallen masonry and to caress into submission splintered beams that seek to stay its happy course.

Where once the whirling wheels and roaring furnace of the village glass factory sang in strains of industry and prosperity, there now remains only a tumbled pile of demolished stone, crumbled brick and rusty, tortuous iron.

Hanging over the heightened stream a broken mill wheel creaks drearily as the rising water stirringly around its battered, rubbish-choked paddles.

"Dead!" grates the wheel. "Dead! The village is dead!"

But the stream, newborn from the purity of mountain snows, ripples, softly singing: "Nay, I am the life-giver. I flow through the land, stirring to life the vines on the hill-sides and the grains of the fields. From my crystal arteries trees and beasts and birds and men drink and live. Wheel, thou art a fool!"

"THERE IS NO DEATH!"

With her broad clinging tightly to her well-spread skirts a French peasant woman, broad of face, wrinkled and weary with war, trudges down the winding, dusty road and into the shattered village. With strange, hard mutterings of sorrow she pauses before each empty, gaping doorway, only to pass slowly on to the next.

At last she stops in front of the burned-out, fractured walls of her home. Wearily she eases a huge

bundle of blankets and miscellaneous household gear from her bent shoulders to the sagging doorstep. Great, unavailing tears roll down her sunken cheeks. She enters, delving among the debris, and brings to light splintered bits of treasured furniture, reminders of the dear, happy days before the guns began their dirge of death.

All is dead! Shattered! Gone! Every fond and pretty home thing loved by that peasant woman vanished forever!

She covers her face with her rough, worn hands; but there is a gurgle of delight as baby fingers reach out toward the spot where, springing out of a crevice in the tumbled wall, there flames a crimson poppy, and through tear-dimmed eyes she sees a soft carpet of moss creeping protectively over the ruined masonry; tender shoots of grass thrusting freshly up through the gray, dead dust of destruction; and here and there and everywhere infant blossoms, with little pink cheeks and blue eyes, looking up to the sky and curtsying fragrantly and reverently in the evening breezes.

A peaceful smile like a benediction settles upon the tired mother's face. Drawing the baby close against her breast she whispers: "Ah, baby mine, all is not dead! While the good God can still make for you a cradle of flowers, is it not that life must live?"

"THERE IS NO DEATH!"

Like a golden globe sinking slowly away into eternity, the sun drops down behind the quiet hills, gilding with shafts of light three white crosses silhouetted against the sky.

"Dead!" say the three white crosses.

"Dead!" records the war office.

"Dead!" wail three broken hearts.

But the glories of the passing day transmit the floating cloudlets into a group of white angels, with pinions of light, mounting a pearl-studded stairway that runs from the graves to the sky. They appear to hasten as though, infolded in their golden arms, they carried priceless treasure to the throne.

Instinctively the eyes of the peasant woman turn to the splintered crucifix, hanging lonesomely upon the rifted church wall. The last spears of light transfigure to blazing jewels the thorns pressed hard upon the sacred brow.

In her simple way, with wide eyes fastened upon that face, she murmurs:

"All life has risen out of death! And all death is but to be made into life again! Life is immortal, though it seems to perish as the leaves. Man cannot die!"

For the words came back which she heard before the little church was wrecked:

"I am the Resurrection and the Life!"

Oh, World, thou art fooled!

"THERE IS NO DEATH!"

Like the rustling of wind in empty places comes a sound, as though sky splendor would speak in articulate voice, saying: "While Spring breezes blow, while streams flow down to the sea, while flowers bloom in the hedges, while the sun holds its course through the skies, while God rules in His Heaven, while the gates of Glory stand wide.

"THERE IS NO DEATH!"

THE Bible, and the whole Bible is, in a wide and practical sense, part of the very warp and woof of our Organization. In fact, the Salvation Army makes use of the Bible in various ways peculiarly suited to the unusual needs of the people among whom it labors.

Perhaps the world knows the Army best by its open-air meetings, which, numbering a 100,000 a week, are held at street corners, in market places, on open spaces and almost everywhere that men gather together. But few perhaps know that at all these gatherings it is required that some suitable portion of the Bible should be read. At our indoor Meetings both in Great Britain and overseas, the reading of the Bible forms a regular part of the service. In this way multitudes hear portions of God's Word who would never read it for themselves.

Often it is from those who were at first very unwilling listeners that earnest Bible students are recruited—this being one result of their coming under Salvation Army influences. Such Converts read to some purpose! Mrs. Booth, during a recent address at a Meeting of the Bible Society, told of a woman Convert whose past had been so terrible that the Officer—contrary to our usual practice—advised her not to testify in public till she had proved that she was really changed. The test seemed severe, but the poor soul humbly promised to obey. She, however, took her Testament—given her on the night of her conversion—and visited her former haunts—

THE BIBLE AND THE ARMY

By Ensign Ellen Ingram

low lodging-house kitchens and public houses, and there read the Bible to her old friends! Some scoffed, but others learned to love and read the Bible also.

The Army early explains to its Recruits the importance of gaining daily strength from God's Word. One who had been converted only two months recently testified: "I never used even to look at the Bible, but now, thank God, I read it every day." Another regularly reads a few verses to his wife before leaving for work at 6.30 every morning.

Suitable Bible portions for morning, mid-day and evening readings are arranged for the use of Salvationists in a book known as "The Soldier's Guide." This is often used for private devotion as well as at family prayers, while many carry it to work, there utilizing odd moments to gain spiritual strength from its messages. The "Guide" has had an enormous circulation throughout the world.

Thousands of Salvationists are linked together as an international league of Bible readers, known as the "Sword and Shield Brigade." They read the same portion day by day, and pray for the same subjects.

The Army carefully teaches the Bible to its children. Our Infants' "Manual" provides, for those who

cannot yet read, a year's series of lessons, including the Life of the Saviour and the principal Old Testament stories.

For older children and young people a seven years' course is arranged, under the General's direction, and published in our annual volume of "International Company Orders." This series includes the chief historical portions of both Old and New Testaments, with special lessons each year from the Life of Christ. By this means the Bible becomes familiar to tens of thousands of young people right round the world, who themselves grow up to teach and train others. The "Company Orders" are used by many Christian workers outside our ranks, some of whom tell how they revel in the freshness, originality and practical usefulness of the lessons.

Salvation Army Young People are encouraged to become Corps Cadets the number of whom is now over 22,000. These find that their principal subject of study is the Bible. Thus the future leaders of the Movement gradually acquire an intimate knowledge of God's Word.

Special attention is given to the Scriptures at the International Training Garrisons at Clapton and Midway, which constitutes the model and pattern for the Army's

Training Institutions all over the world. The young men and women Cadets are rooted and grounded in the Bible before all else. Special provision is made for teaching it—by means of classes, lectures, private study and examinations.

What is true of the Training Garrisons in London is equally true of those in Paris or Bombay, in Amsterdam or Tokio, in New York or Sydney, or in the many other cities where young men and women are being trained for Salvation Army Officership.

In Eastern lands the advance of the Army means the introduction of the Bible where hitherto it has been unknown. For example, the children attending our Indian Day Schools often read the Bible to their parents, who are delighted to listen to its messages.

Even among the so-called "Criminal Tribes," who, when first handed over to the Army were considered practically hopeless, many have been taught to read and love God's Word. Late one evening the Officer in charge of a Settlement of this kind noticed a light burning in one of the little mud huts. He quietly approached, and to his surprise and joy saw the man who had, not long before, been the leader in wrongdoing and the despair of the police, reading the Bible to his wife! The Officer discovered that the man had for some time been doing this regularly—without any thought of recognition!

From the Salvation Army Year Book for 1922.

ry Magdalene.
t with Him as
had been seen

The Man who sat on the Penitent Form

By Lieut.-Colonel Nicholson, International Headquarters

THE Captain and Lieutenant were sisters, they had called to take tea with us, for you see our Quarters was once their Quarters. That was before the Colonel, their father, had gone to India with their English sister. The firelight flickered on the wall, and we were getting a little bit quiet for the house was a house of memories. But the memories were not sad ones, they were brightened with the willing and joyful light of sacrifice for Jesus.

How goes the war?

Breaking the spell we said to the Captain:

"How goes the war?" meaning the Salvation one of course.

"It goes well," was the ready rejoinder. Meaning the war on her own particular battlefield.

We had heard from different quarters of the good fighting put in by the Captain. Of her keen way of following up her trophies, not only of the penitent form, but of the police court and the prison cell and of fagging journeys endured with a plucky smile and of certain lost trains missed and of long walks home in the early hours of the morning and endured with chin up in the cheerful knowledge that every step of the weary way she had not been alone, for the Man of the Emmans road was with her as He is with all who go on His errands.

"Tell us a story."

"The Captain was sitting on the rug. So we offered a stool. "This is our family penitent form," we said, "sit on it."

"The Captain laughed. "No I will not do as you wish, instead I will kneel on the rug before it, and tell you the story of the man who once sat on the penitent form!"

So with the firelight flickering and jumping and making the room look just right for story telling, this is what that Captain said:

"It was at my last Corps."

"In London?"

Family in distress

"Yes, in my visitation I had come across a young woman with a little family who was in distress. Her husband was to stand his trial for fraud. There had been two in it, but the other had got away. It is often so, the weaker one goes to the wall.

"The woman wept when she told me the story. A big sum was required to get her husband out on bail against the time of the trial.

"Have you any friends to whom you could go for help?" I asked.

"We have no friend in the world."

"What about your landlord?"

"Well, he might be willing to do something, for my husband has done work for him."

"Well, that's something. Come, let's go together to the landlord and I'll ask him if he will stand bail."

"But the woman was afraid to go to the landlord, so I went myself and at last he consented to stand surety for the husband, and the man was released from custody, and what was good also, the landlord undertook to give him employment. So he remained at liberty and was able to keep his wife and family during the anxious days pending the trial. Though he had been the cat-paw of another, it was no good denying that the man was in very grave difficulty, and when the case came off he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment in one of the grim old prisons of the Metropolis. It was a terrible blow for both

the man and the woman."

"Quite hopeless?"

"Well, it would have been almost so save for one factor."

"And that was?"

"Out of gratitude to the Salvation Army he said he would be willing to do anything to oblige me."

"There is one thing then you can do," I said. "You can come to our Meeting on Sunday night."

"So, out of gratitude to the Army he came. I remember so well how intently he listened, and it was plain, though he had been a rank outsider so far as religion was concerned (an acknowledged atheist), that he was deeply moved and when the invitation was given to the mercy seat, he rose from the bench on which he was sitting and walked forward to the penitent form, and being quite new to Salvation Army procedure, he sat on it."

Truly repentant

"Of course very soon he was kneeling there. I spoke to him very searchingly, and was glad to find that so far as I could judge, a spirit of true penitence possessed his heart, and he was filled with disgust at the deed he had done, not only because of the trouble it had brought upon him and his, but because he realized the terrible nature of sin."

"From that time he became a changed man, and the whole spirit and tone of his life were altered and his home, notwithstanding the dark shadow that rested upon it, was brighter, far brighter than it had ever been, for it had its foundation in faith in Christ."

"Then, as I say, came the trial with the sentence of two years' imprisonment."

"Did you keep in touch with the man?"

"Yes, I visited him every three months and found him bright and determined, and giving every evidence of having been truly converted to God."

"So well did he conduct himself in prison that privileges were given him. First he was allowed to have his wife's portrait in his cell, later his Captain's picture was given a place and I felt it an honor to assure you for my portrait to be there."

"Then he asked for a Salvation Army song book and he learnt many of the songs. In A. V. publications he read much of our work and studied our doctrines, and profited very much by it all. And there in that prison cell, where he developed a deep and true religious experience, though he felt that he himself could not be an Officer, he resolved, God helping him, that his boy should be one, and from that moment he determined, no matter what the cost, to fit his boy for the career of an Army Officer."

Quite penniless

"But what about the little wife? How did she get on?"

"Well, at first she didn't get along at all. She went to the relieving officer and he said he did not see that he could help. In fact, he was in doubt about the case, and wondered whether the woman had any money, the result of her husband's misdeeds. But she was quite penniless, and her children were on the borderline of starvation."

"When I found this out I got into touch with Commissioner Cox, who is a guardian of the poor, and as a result of the prompt and efficient

action on the part of the Commissioner, things moved forward quickly and relief was taken to the mother and children, and the future was more or less assured during her husband's absence."

"What did that mean?"

"It meant so much money a week and certain necessities besides."

"For which she was truly grateful?"

"Very much so."

"And the man?"

"He stood true, and then came the morning when he was released from prison."

Sprang out of prison

"You should have seen him. He sprang out. There is no other word for it. Nothing of the hang-dog look about him. All that went when he found Salvation the night when he sat on the penitent form. Yes, he sprang out exclaiming, 'Hallelujah—oh, I am so happy!'"

"And he had good reason to be, for he was reunited with his wife and family, and all his old atheistic ideas had been blown like evil clouds from his mind which was now as clear as his heart was right, and he and his gave God the glory in a London Corps for the wonders of the Lord Jesus had wrought through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army. They are making a Soldier of him. By that I mean more than simply putting his name down. For instance, he wanted to follow his old Captain to her new Corps, but I explained things to him, and said 'No, You must Soldier where you lived and did wrong and where you were saved and took such a brave stand for Jesus.' This he resolved to do."

Given hearty reception

"I left a message with the Corps Comrades before I left to look after him, and they gave the man and his wife and family a hearty reception."

"It was a joy to the husband when he was able to point his loyal little wife to Jesus, and then the children came too, and now they are a saved family and it is the proud boast of the father that though he himself cannot be a Salvation Army Officer, at any rate he is resolved that, God willing, his boy shall one day enter the Training Garrison in order to be trained to be a winner of souls."

"A first rate story, Captain. But here comes the story with something on it."

So the Captain got up from the family penitent form and soon over the tea cups we were in the midst of yet another story.

SOMETHING BETTER

The Easter season specially emphasizes the fact that Christ is alive and that His followers value more than anything else the real presence of His companionship. This is how the truth was recently stated:

One day I eyed a peddler, evidently an Irishman, selling his wares from door to door. I accosted this man with the usual greetings, after which I remarked, "It's a grand thing to be saved."

"Eh?" said the peddler, "it is, but I know something better than that."

"Better than being saved," said I. "What can you possibly know better than that?"

"The companionship of the Man who has saved me," was the peddler's unexpected and astonishing reply.

WHAT DO YOU GET AND GIVE?

The following Editorial, which appeared in the Toronto "Star" in connection with last year's Self-Denial Effort, is well worth reading at the present time.

Life isn't as easy as it looks. To the young it seems easy and simple enough and the world a jolly place with a genial sun, green fields and babbling brooks. They wonder why on earth so many old folks go about with set faces and minds that seem to be groping upwards after lost thoughts.

It sometimes takes a fellow about fifty years to discover that life isn't as easy as it looks and that no matter how well one behaves or how much one strives to deserve the best that life can do for him, all sorts of complications set in, and difficulties arise which are no easy to handle.

The illnesses, which to mention but one, though the chief cause of human discomfort, sometimes fall upon a family, one member after another, with an apparent cause of purpose, may reduce a well-to-do family to want and produce in it a discouragement never to be quite overcome. It is learned by many that life can be hard.

Those who do well in the world should, in their success, befriend the less fortunate, and to tell the truth most of them do in one way or another. In a place like Toronto people are busy and are unable to know what is going on almost within sight and sound of their homes or offices. This week the Salvation Army is soliciting funds to enable it to carry on relief work among the poor, the unloved, the stupid, the wicked—the good, bad and indifferent, who are in need of help. The Salvation Army knows what is going on. If you don't it does. If you will contribute the funds this organization will apply the relief, and it will be applied without regard to race, creed or color.

One thing that can be said of the Salvation Army is that no degree of success, turns its head, and no amount of prosperity makes it nurse-proud. Throughout the world to-day it handles millions of money with the same frugal care with which it administered thousands in its earlier days. It devotes itself to the unfortunate, and keeps at the service with a tenacity that demands respect. Wherever human beings are in trouble, here the Salvation Army is, asking not who it is to blame, but what can be done to mend the life that is broken. Here are some figures of Army work in connection with police courts in Eastern Canada in the year ended November, 1921:

Interviews with cases in court	7,066
Cases spoken for in court	1,955
Cases handed over to the S.A.	821
Beds supplied to transient cases	2,882
Meals supplied to transient cases	7,326
Letters written for cases	1,524
Employment secured for cases	226

These figures mean something to the business man, who deals with figures. They indicate the big work the Army is carrying on, day in and day out, throughout the year in saving wrecked lives.

Life isn't easy, every man has his own row to hoe, but here is a work being done that no man should fail to help. It is his work that is being done, as much as it is any other man's. The Salvation Army wants money, deserves it, and every good citizen should do what he can to provide it.

OUR ARMY FLAG

The Banner of the Lord

Oh thee, our gallant Flag, we sing
That leads against the foe,
The Army of the Christ, our King,
To fight with sin and woe.
The Banner, Lord, that guides us on
To victory and peace.
Till we arrive where Thou hast gone
In pleasures that increase.

Our motto is the "Blood and Fire"
The blood that cleanses sin,
The holy fires that warm, inspire,
And sanctify within.
Our crest, it is Thy cross of pain,
The Word, our mighty sword,
Above, the Crown we hope to gain,
Our glorious reward.

How many battles have we fought
Beneath the folds that waved
Above us when we humbly sought
To get poor sinners saved.
Though it be battered by the guns
Of Satan and his host,
Through it give Thou to sorrowing
ones
Joy of the Holy Ghost.

DOUBTING THOMAS

Lord, as of old, when Thou didst come and stand
Before the doubting Thomas, and didst say:

"My faithless friend touch me with
Thy own hand
And know it is I myself," so, Lord,
I pray

That Thou wilt come and stand before me here
And let me touch and hold Thee
till I know

That Thou art mine, that we are
very dear
Unto each other; may I not let
go

The hand that showeth still the
cruel nail

I take it now within this hand of
mine.

For while I hold it, nothing can
prevail

Against me and my Friend, Who
is divine.

"My Lord and God!" he cried. I
cry the same.

And in this faith have life through
Thy Great Name!

PROCLAIMING SALVATION IN FIFTY LANGUAGES

(Continued from Page 8.)

and about the use it has made of interpreters. Almost every country possesses Officers who are skilled students and masters of expression in the intricacies of speech, and who, devoted to this class of work, have found a way of conveying to the native mind, during special campaigns, the meaning of the leaders from other lands. Such constitute a powerful factor in bringing down unbelief and even opposition in gaining triumphs for the cause of Jesus Christ. And equal remarkable is the facility with which some of the Army leaders and training Commissioners are able to influence the multitude through interpreters.

Not a year passes but the list of languages spoken by the Organization is added to. How wonderful, how truly, is the Army playing its part in making possible the realization of John's vision: "I beheld and lo, a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds, and people and tongues, cried with a loud voice, saying 'Salvation'." (Rev. vii., 9-11)

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Cases spoken for in court 1,095
Cases handed over to the S.A. 821
Beds supplied to transient cases 2,862
Meals supplied to transient cases 7,290
Letters written for cases 1,524
Employment secured for cases 235

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Five times on trial for Murder

Patient and Successful Service by Commandant Sheard

ANY one who remembers the unhappy circumstances of a man who was detained in prison at St. John, N.B., on a charge of murder. His first trial resulted in a disagreement, but at the second trial he was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged.

A new trial was, however, granted, but that and the fourth and fifth followed without any agreement being arrived at. At the last trial nine of the twelve jurymen stood for acquittal and three for conviction, and on this account the man was given his liberty.

From the first day of his incarceration right up to the time of his liberty, Commandant Sheard, Manager of the Men's Metropole in St. John, was in constant touch with him.

"From the very first," says the Commandant, "I found him to be courteous and transparent. Two months after his arrest he sought Christ and accepted Him as his Sav-

iour. It was a definite choice, and his whole life was changed from that hour. He was a new man. His Bible became his companion, though he could not read much. It was my privilege to help him and in five months he could read for himself.

"I was with him in each of his five trials, and after the one in which he was sentenced to be hanged I went to his cell with him. 'I am not guilty,' he said, 'and I am sure God will not let me hang.' His simple faith in God was beautiful and striking. We prayed together and as is known, his sentence was never carried out.

"When at the end of his fifth trial he was given his liberty, I left the court room with him and he came home to our Quarters and remained there until he left for his home in another city of Nova Scotia.

"At the depot he cried like a child and promised to be true."

JIM--A MODERN PRODIGAL

A Story told to the Manager of the Montreal Metropole

A YOUNG man came into the Metropole office in Montreal recently and stretching out his hand to the Manager, Adjutant Beercroft, he said: "Put it right there, Adjutant; I suppose you hardly know me? My name is Jim S—, and seeing that I was passing through Montreal, I thought it was my business to drop in and tell you a little story."

He was well remembered by the Adjutant, and here is the story he told:

"In December, 1921, the old man (his father) and I had a bit of a tiff, and in my anger, I regret to say, I struck the old man; then I packed my grip and left the place never to return again. I hit Montreal and got in with a bad bunch of fellows. A few weeks afterwards when I was all in, I heard of the Salvation Army Metropole on Alexander Street, and having nowhere to lay my head, ragged, and hungry, I appealed to you for food and shelter, which I thankfully received. I then began to attend

your Meetings and also to 'line up' on Sunday mornings for soup.

"All this was very good, but the best part of my story is, that one Sunday you read from the Bible about the Prodigal Son, and every word brought condemnation to my inmost soul. It struck me like a thunderbolt, and I felt as though I was the meanest man on earth, and right there in that seat I asked God to forgive me and have mercy, and God pointed out to me my first duty. For four months the old people had not known where I was, as I had never written. But I wrote home that very day, asking father's forgiveness, which I received by wire. He also sent me enough money to get home, and within forty-eight hours I was back beneath the old roof.

"I am now handling father's business in , and am happy and contented, for which I give God the glory."

Before he left, he said, "Here is \$10.00, use it at your discretion on some mother's poor unfortunate son."

FAITHFUL SOLDIER

Stands Alone for the Army

After a period of endeavor in a certain locality the work of the Army in that place seemed to come to an end, and the completeness of the failure was added to by the fact that several persons who had nominally associated themselves with the Army ran into debt and disappeared. The Army Flag seemed to be wailed in the mire.

But one good soul who had not bowed the knee to Baal remained. She possessed the true Army spirit, stood her ground and by her consistent life honored the despised uniform which she persistently wore.

But the debts of the unworthy ones who had fled were a standing reproach, and this good soul conceived the idea of paying them. By patient and long continued toil she made a number of articles and sold them, devoting the money to discharging one and another of the liabilities mentioned. In the course of time she re-

(Continued at foot of column 3)

SONGS FOR EASTER

Tune—"Up from the grave," 253. Song-Book, 790.

Low in the grave He lay, Jesus, my Saviour!
Waiting the coming day; Jesus, my Lord.

Up from the grave He arose,
With a mighty triumph over His foes;
He arose a Victor from the dark domain,
And He lives for ever in my heart to reign.

He arose! He arose!
Hallelujah! Christ arose!

Vainly they watch His bed; Jesus, my Saviour!

Vainly they seal the dead; Jesus, my Lord!

Death cannot keep his prey; Jesus, my Saviour!

He tore the bars away; Jesus, my Lord!

Tunes—"Christ now sits," 79; "Hallelujah," 83. Song-Book, 801.

"Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day!"
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens! thou earth, reply.

Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er!
Lo! he sets in blood no more!

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of Hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died, our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?

Tunes—"He lives," 128; "Praise," 129. Song-Book, 802.

O joyful sound! O glorious hour!
When Christ by His almighty power
Arose and left the grave;
Now let our songs His triumphs tell
Who broke the chains of Death and Hell.

And ever lives to save.

No more we tremble at the grave;
For He who died our souls to save
Will raise our bodies too;
What though this earthly house shall fail—

The Saviour's power will yet prevail
And build it up anew.

Tune—"Rachie."

"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say;
Hell to-day is vanquished! Heav'n is won to-day!

Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore!
Him, their true Creator, all His works adore.

Chorus:

"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say;
Hell to-day is vanquished! Heav'n is won to-day!

Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
Thou from Heav'n beholding man's abasing fall,
Of th' Eternal Father, true and only Son,

Manhood to deliver, manhood hast put on.

Loose the souls long prison'd, bound with Satan's chain;
Alas that is now fallen, raise to life again!

Show Thy face in brightness, bid the Nations see!
Bring again our daylight; day returns with Thee.

THE "YOUNG SOLDIER"

Our Children's Newspaper

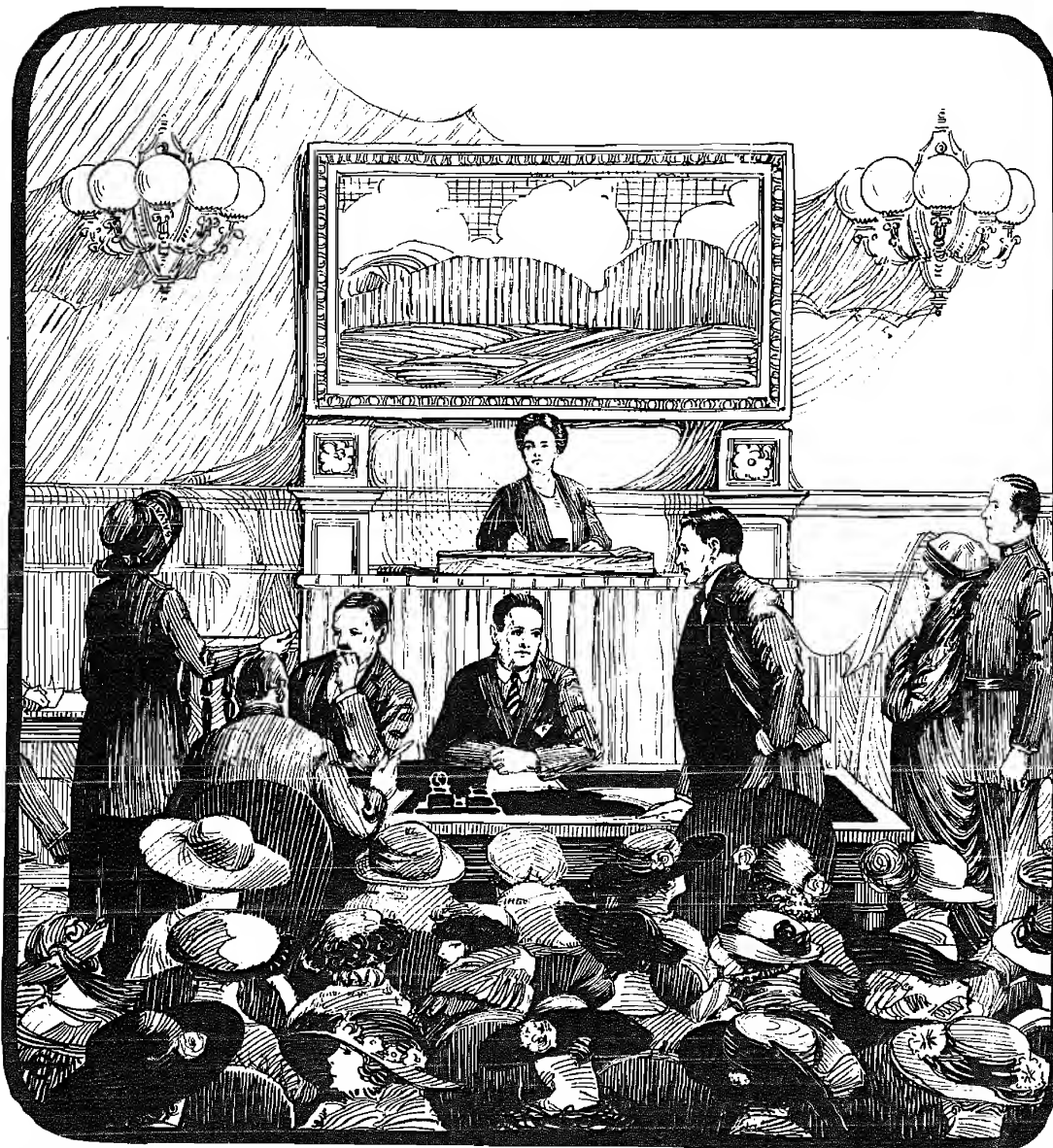
It may not be generally known that in addition to the "War Cry" the Salvation Army publishes a "Young Soldier," which is circulated in every Corps throughout the Canada East Territory. It deals with many subjects of importance to young people, and contains valuable aids in the development of Christian character.

joiced in being able to pay off the last cent that was owing.

Fifteen years after the first attempt the Army decided to re-open the work in the locality named. Officers were appointed and in due time arrived. By the blessing of God their efforts have been crowned with success, an an honored place among the Soldiers who have gathered around the Flag is the reward of the faithful sister who so nobly exemplified the principles of the Salvation Army when she stood alone.

IN THE NAME OF HIM WHO SAID:—

All the year round experienced Salvation Army Officers in Police Courts, Jails, Reformatories and Penitentiaries and other branches of Social



MANY OFFENDERS ARE HANDED OVER TO THE SALVATION ARMY

The Women's Social Work is a much larger business than it is thought to be, even by those who have some acquaintance with the Salvation Army. And it deals with many matters of great importance in their bearing upon the complex problems of our civilization. There are the questions of illegitimacy and prostitution, of Maternity Homes for poor

girls in trouble, of women thieves, of female children who have been exposed to awful treatment, of women who are drunkards or drug-takers, of aged and destitute women, and of intractable or vicious minded girls.

There is no opportunity within the limits of one issue of the "War Cry" to properly describe, even briefly, the vast amount of effort which is put

forth by our devoted Officers in the service of their sisters. But perhaps one branch may serve as illustrative of many others. Take for example the Police Court where the presence of a Salvation Army Officer is now regarded as a regular thing. Magistrates generally, recognizing our practical methods and the spirit in which they are applied, are only too glad to

avail themselves of assistance in dealing with one or another of the complicated cases which await the Court at every sitting.

Prisoners also welcome the presence of Army Officers, and see in them a friend indeed. In many Courts the Officer has the privilege of an interview with the prisoner before the Court opens, and is able to counsel.

I WAS IN
are busily engaged,
in all parts of the T
Service among Men

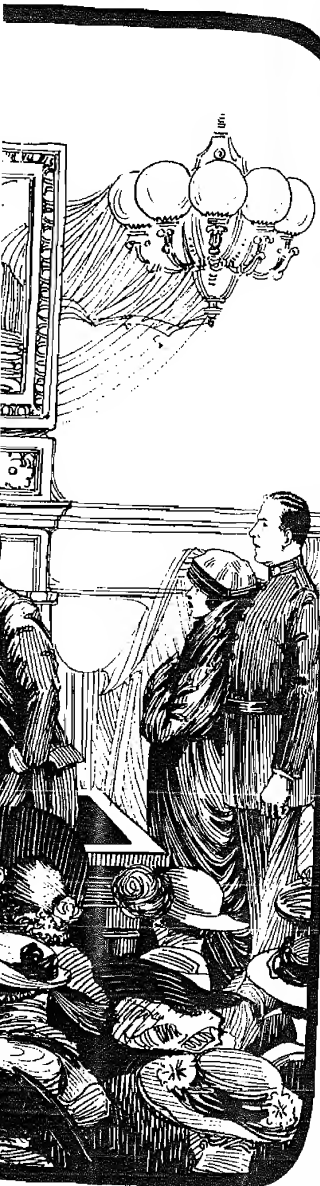


THE HELPING

Salvation Army Officers not only visit prisoners while undergoing confinement, but also meet them on discharge, rendering them that aid and encouragement which means

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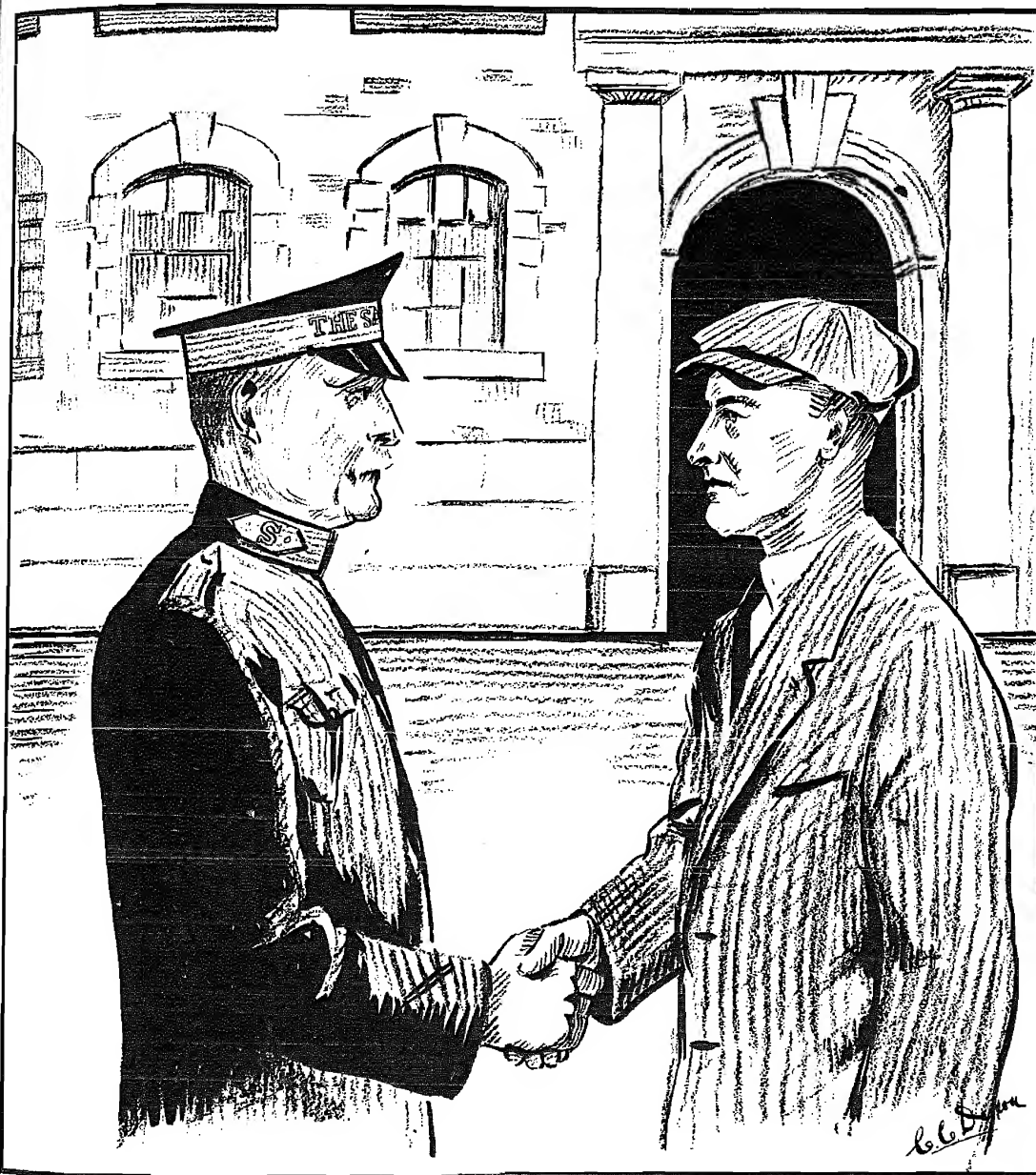
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'I WAS IN PRISON AND YE CAME UNTO ME!'

are busily engaged, with the co-operation of the Authorities
in all parts of the Territory, in Preventative, Rescue
Service among Men and Women



THE HELPING HAND IS EXTENDED TO DISCHARGED PRISONERS

Salvation Army Officers not only
visit prisoners while undergoing con-
finement, but also meet them on their
discharge, rendering them that aid
and encouragement which means so

much to very many at such a time.

The after-care of ex-prisoners
forms a very important department of
work to which many of our big-
hearted workers devote themselves

unceasingly, and with manifest good
results.

In not a few instances Army Offi-
cers keep well in touch with the
families of prisoners serving time, and

in this way have been able to render
practical assistance where it has been
needed, as well as to establish rela-
tionships which keep the door for
further service wide open.

EASTER'S CALL TO WOMEN

Incident in a Missionary Officer's Experience

By Mrs. Lieut. Colonel Andrews

The Salvation Army Doctor and his wife had been only a short while at B—, a Mohammedan city in India, but news of the Doctor's skill had preceded them. It was even suggested that he could bring the dead to life (the dead being often those who through illness had become unconscious or comatose). But the Mohammedan city did not admit a man, even of renowned skill, into the Zennau (or women's quarters). There was nothing for it but for his wife to go in response to the summons that had been received.

Into a strange, unknown house, in a strange city, she went, and when she had passed into the seclusion of the Zennau the outer door was locked and bolted.

The Salvationist entered a very dark little room, where a few minutes' rest from the outside glare revealed an old woman lying on a cot as if in the stillness of death. Nothing would rouse her, said the woman of the household, and for three days no food had passed her lips. She was a widow, but her last grief was the greatest: her two stalwart and only sons had died within a fortnight, during an epidemic of cholera, and the dear woman was inconsolable. It was because of her desperate condition that the members of the household had ventured to send for the Salvation Army Officer.

There is one language that is understood in every part of the world. It conquers prejudice and even hatred, and it is the language of love. The Missionary Officer knelt down on the floor, and taking the withered, shrunken hand of the poor old woman in hers, asked if she might pray. The relatives consented, though they stood outside the room in some anxiety and trepidation. The Salvationist felt the case was almost hopeless, that medicine would be of little avail, for the feeble pulse beat slowly.

Of the teacher who had told the woman's history the Missionary Officer had asked what comfort his religion had to offer in such a case. With emphasis he said: "For a woman, none!" So what could she do? She was glad that her faith gave hope, even to women. She remembered, too, the promise that the prayer of faith should heal the sick; but she did not know whether her own small gift of faith was sufficient for this. However, in humble prayer, she commended to God her sorrow-stricken sister, and as she did so, and still clasped the woman's hand, a tear trickled down the patient's face.

Saying "Salaam" ("Peace be to you") the Missionary Officer went her way. The prayer of faith prevailed, though that faith was timid, for the old woman made a complete recovery, and returned to her household duties.

Indelibly burned in on the heart and mind of the Salvationist were the words of the teacher. For a woman of the Mohammedan faith in the hour of her greatest grief, by the declaration of a son of that faith, there was no hope or comfort—for a woman, none!

It is early dawn, when the night, athrob with mystery, gives place to Resurrection Light. Early in the morning three Eastern women are making their way to the tomb of a

"JESUS HAS COME!"

THE EXPERIENCE OF A DYING CHINESE CONVERT

(This moving story describes the triumphant death of a Chinese convert, the first of many who accepted Christ to enter into rest. It was the first Salvation Army funeral in China. We shall shortly be appealing for funds for our Self-Denial Effort. Your gift will help us to send the light into the dark places of the earth. Give freely.)

IT was in a low-walled, dingy little old room, where the air was stifling, and all around showed signs of deepest poverty, that a poor wife and mother lay dying. Not in sunny Australia, either. No it was in the great city of Peking, in China. The poor, suffering creature was the mother of the Hung family, Hung Tai Tai, one of China's millions. Only a few months previously this poor soul was a dark, ignorant heathen, at that time living in Tientsin, from which city her husband had brought her to die in her old home, amongst her own people, for it was evident to all she could not last long.

Many weeks before she left Tientsin, however, our Officers had found her out, and while visiting and doing all that could be done to sustain life in and relieve the poor suffering body, they had also pointed the poor benighted soul to the Light of the World.

She was trusting Jesus now as she went down into the valley and shadow of death. Keenly those Officers felt her departure from them, though they understood the husband's anxiety, and did all in their power to help with the arrangements for her transit, and for the comfort of the poor, suffering body. She was one of their dear, spiritual children, so young in the faith, and must so soon pass through the cold river of death. They longed to go with her and comfort and strengthen her as she came up to the river; but they had to leave her in the hands of her Redeemer.

Could you have peeped into the quarters you might have seen our dear comrades bowed down before God in prayer, "O God," they prayed, "wilt Thou be with her? May she know Thy comforting presence as she goes down into the valley!" And so day by day they committed the poor suffering, absent one to our kind Father, God.

Reader, how I would like to take you to the death-bed. My pen is too awkward to describe it. Forget the miserable, poverty-stricken surroundings, and remember only that this soul has come up to the river which we all have to cross. But Jesus is there.

The Chinese have a custom—strange to us, as most of their customs are—and even the poorest strive to observe it. When one is dying they provide the best outfit, after the style of those worn in life and health, that they can afford, and when the hour of death draws near, if they can possibly manage it, the sorrowing ones dress their dear one in this new apparel. In the case of the rich very beautiful clothes are used.

Then they watch and wait for

holy man, nay more, the grave of the Christ of Calvary. To their dismay they find Him not; but listen!—a voice, a familiar voice! Can it be true? And the message is to a woman: "Go tell my disciples that I am risen."

Does not that call repeat itself to women? Go tell those weary souls who are looking for the light. He is risen—the Christ of our faith,

death. To the heathen mind the spirit world is very near and very real. They use all sorts of devices to deceive and frighten away the devils, and it is a very common thing for the dying heathen to see and fight with the devils before passing away. They live and die in terrible fear and dread of evil spirits. Do you think we come to these heathen lands to introduce this doctrine of hell and the fearful power of the devil, and punishment of the wicked. These people seem to know and realize these things far more clearly and really than we do.

No, our mission is just to enlighten them concerning One Who is stronger than all the powers of evil. One Who can save them from sin and the devil. The Chinese know that devils exist before we tell them; but they have not found a Saviour.

Well, let me get back to my story.

The hour of death was approaching. The patient, with some difficulty, was put into her new clothes. The husband and family gathered around, not waiting and watching for the coming of evil spirits, as would have been the case a few months before, but quietly praying, and comforting their loved one with passages of Scripture that now had become so real and dear to them. The heathen neighbors also watched anxiously to see if the devils would torment this dying Christian.

Suddenly the face lit up, and the eyes opened as though in sweet recognition.

"Whom do you see?" asked the husband.

"Jesus! Jesus!" came the answer. "He is here with me. Can you not see Him?" Then later she said, "I do not fear the devils—I am not afraid to die. Jesus is with me!"

For some days after this the patient lingered, at times suffering intense pain but never once losing the consciousness of the presence of Jesus in her soul, though the vision of Him had vanished.

"He is soon coming to take me," she assured us, "and I want to go! He has prepared a place for me."

Not long after this the weary, worn face lit up with a heavenly smile that seemed to stay after the gentle spirit had flown, and she said with a weak but joyful voice, "Ye-su lia la! Ye-su lia la!" (Jesus has come! Jesus has come!) So she passed to rest.

Dear reader, in my loved home country what will you do in the swellings of Jordan?

I do pray that you also may be ready, and that this same compassionate Jesus may be with you as you cross the chilly tide.

who heals the sick, and bids woman hasten with the glad message of deliverance. India especially pleads for help. She is groping for the light. Her women are weary of a faith that binds them in fetters and gives no comfort in the time of grief. The first message of that great dawn of Easter light was to woman. Let us not neglect the message.

EASTER STUDIES

The General's Illuminating Volume, "Our Master."

At this Easter season, when thoughts are naturally directed to the suffering and death of our Lord, one turns with feelings of gratitude and expectancy to the General's book, "Our Master." This exceedingly helpful volume contains a series of vivid and intimate studies of the outstanding characteristics of the Saviour's life, the earthly close of which must inevitably make a fresh appeal to all Salvationists at this sacred festival.

Tender appeal to heart

Throughout these illuminating pages the General presents new and absorbing pictures of the Man of Sorrows in His sufferings as well as in His triumph over death. Old truths make a new and tender appeal to the heart, and bring to life's commonest experiences a close and practical application. For instruction in Divine things; for comfort in the trials and conflicts which many are called to endure; for guidance to overcome weaknesses and besetments, and for abiding inspiration the General's beautiful chapters are not easily surpassed.

At least six of them deal with some incident or other connected with Easter Week. There is a perfect understanding of human frailty in the chapter on Gethsemane—"A Neglected Saviour." The tells of the disciples' sleeping in the Garden while the Master prayed alone.

"Jesus knew the failures begotten of human weakness, as well as the horror of human sin. And so He made allowances, and was as patient with those who left Him, as He was tender to those who were steady. He loved them both. Go thion, and do likewise. In your home; in your family circle; in your Corps; in your office; in your work, be it what it may; when men fail and forsake your Lord; even if all disappoint and desert you, you must love them still. Be faithful with them; but, above all, be steadfast in your own purpose, and devote all your zeal and strength to finish the work that God has given you to do."

New picture of Gethsemane

Surely here is a lesson which is not easy to learn—and not easy to carry out when we have learned it! It is more difficult to those who are eager and zealous than to the indifferent and careless, and less easy to those who are likest to their Lord than for those who are afar off. A new picture of Gethsemane—and a lesson we little thought to learn there!

Then there is a chapter on the burial of Jesus, which will be found sweet and comforting indeed to those who have passed through the dark clouds of bereavement and have carried those they have loved most dearly to the grave.

"Are they not buried with Him? Are they not gone on before? Are they not ours still? Are we not theirs as really as ever? He passed through that brief path of darkness and death out into the everlasting light of the Resurrection Glory. Do you think, then, that He will leave them behind? The grave could not contain Him. Do you think it has strength to hold them? . . . No, no! they are alive—alive for evermore; because He lives, they live also."

"Our Master" may be obtained from the Trade Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto. Price 90 cents.

IN LIFE'S EV

"Behold thy mother!" was one of the most beautiful words of the Cross. And the Saviour's dying words were, "I commend thee to my Father." Having fulfilled in the Army's Homes for the first time, a journalist paid to one of the old folks.

"It is a grand place, surely! A beautiful home! And the garden is grand! Just look at the roses from those windows. Could you ever get tired of it? But best of all we get nothing but kindness, and kindness goes a long way, and especially as you might say, with old people. At least, so I say, and I think," said the old lady who had drawn her chair back some way from the generous fire. The others who sat in the neighborhood nodded in agreement.

The blind lady who reads to the others by means of her clever fingers and who read out a hymn at prayers yesterday, was asleep in her easy chair; so that conversation with her was impossible. In one of the bay windows, in easy chairs, sat four picturesque grandmothers, conferring together. They are of the hardy type, and like this above. They prefer to look out upon bright geraniums, and verdant lawns, and to watch golden leaves fall from autumn trees, rather than seek a closer proximity to the fire.

"I am the oldest in the house," said the prettiest of the four, with blue eyes smiling, and a delicate color in her cheeks. Her lace cap and fancy shawl completed the details of a charming figure. "I am eighty-nine. I go to Church twice on Sunday, and for a long walk every morning. Sometimes I go out in the afternoon as well."

"And I am the second oldest," chimed in a cheerful voice. "I am eighty-one, and able to go for a walk with her too."

Among the twenty-six ladies who were using the spacious room without giving any sense of overcrowding, some younger old ladies seemed much more decrepit; but each had her own easy chair. On one of the three couches an invalid was tucked in with a rug. She happened to be the only Salvationist in this big family.

"I have to lie here, on and off," she said. "Praise God for such a comfortable corner. I remember old General Booth, and his dear lady too, before you was born. Many a blessing I have had a-listening to him; and now his face is a-looking down at me from the wall, and from Heaven."

"Some of them are between the ages of sixty and seventy," explained the Adjutant. "We cannot exclude them because their pension is not due. We look to the Army's kind friends to help us make the closing years of their life happy. Between the ages of sixty and seventy the struggle for old people thrown upon the world is tragic!"

"I hope and believe that being here is just like home for them. For many of them it is a great deal more comfortable than anything they have ever known; but others were in good circumstances before the war. Some of them were living in one room, and not having proper attention, not enough to eat before they came to us. Others have been living with relations who were really not in a position to look after them properly."

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IN LIFE'S EVENTIDE

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"When they are ill we nurse them here, and they will die here. There

will be no ambulance to the hospital or infirmary. They know this, and it means a good deal to them."

"I can truly say that we look after them just as if they were our mothers; and there is joy in being able to brighten the end of their lives. It appeals to me. Sister, who is my chief assistant, has been a trained nurse. She watches over their health, and nurses them when sick. In the morning she dresses those who cannot dress themselves. Some have their breakfast in bed. In the evening there are a number to be put to bed."

"My other assistants are young Salvationists, and they enter too into the spirit of love in doing anything they can."

"There are no rules, as you may say. The old ladies are free to go out and come in as they like; that is, if they are well enough; and visitors may come and see them daily."

"We have just admitted two life-long friends, aged 73 and 71. They have lived together for over thirty years, and now that it is no longer possible to make ends meet, they are so grateful to be here. They have their beds side by side. You may have noticed that some of the beds look irregular. One of these two has brought her feather mattress, and the other an elderdown she likes particularly. They cannot bring any furniture, because we are so well furnished that we couldn't do with it, but anything special for the bed we allow them to have. Our beds and bedding are of the best quality; but what you have been used to means a great deal when you are old."

"Another old lady we have just admitted has a fading memory, but is so happy to be here. She has been living alone with her daughter, a single woman, who has to go out to work all day. The loneliness has been quite too much for her. The daughter comes to see her and is wonderfully grateful to us."

"Those who belong to church are free, of course, to attend their place of worship. The Vicar visits us regularly and thinks this is a beautiful home. We have prayers morning and evening. Those who are too infirm to get to church enjoy the Meeting we hold in the large sitting-room every Sunday evening. They sit in their easy chairs, or lie on the couches, but they like to join in the singing all the same."

"After the Meeting last Sunday an old lady who goes about on crutches, and whose daughter is in a touring theatrical company, said, 'Oh, I wish I had the same experience as you and Sister.' That gave us the opportunity for a nice talk with her. She can't quite get there yet; but the light is coming. She has only been with us three weeks."

"There is one thing I can say of every one of them, and that is, they are the most thankful old ladies I ever saw."

Who seeks for heaven alone to save his soul, may keep the path, but will not reach the goal; while he who walks in love may wander far, yet God will bring him where the blessed are.

THE BROKEN LAMP

A SALVATIONIST, known to all as "Grandma," one day was going on an errand to a sick friend, when she felt a pull at her dress. She looked down. A little girl stood beside her, with a face beaming with delight.

"Oh, I am glad you've come. Now you'll go with me and comfort mamma, won't you? She's so unhappy!" Our Soldier gazed at the little girl with amazement; she was nicely dressed, and looked well cared for, not at all poor.

"But, my child, do you know me?"

"Oh, no! But you're the Salvation Army, aren't you?"—she had recognized the bonnet—"and doesn't the Salvation Army always help people?"

"Yes, dear, but how can I help you? Have you a father?" asked the old woman, lovingly. And then the child's eyes looked up pitifully, half filled now with tears.

"Yes, I have; he's been away now for three days—that's why mamma's so sad. When he comes back, he is so cross, he breaks everything and beats us both. Ah! do come home!"

"I'll come, dear. Give me your address," said Grandma.

"No, no, come with me!"

And so Grandma took the child round with her on her errand, and they went with her to her home. As they reached the top of the stairs, a sound of loud and angry speaking was heard. The child clung to her new-made friend.

"Oh, papa's come home. I daren't go in," she exclaimed, but the Soldier answered, "Don't be afraid, dear, Jesus is with us. See! we'll ask Him to protect us." So kneeling on the landing, the two lifted up their hearts to God, and then Grandma went up to the door and knocked. The knock was quite maddening, the commotion inside was so great, so she pushed the door open, and with the child clinging closely to her side, she stood on the threshold taking in the scene at a glance.

And it was a scene! The room—nicely furnished—was in the greatest confusion, the master of the house himself stood in the centre with an uplifted stick in his hand, while small pieces of an expensive hanging-lamp were scattered on the ground all around him. The noise and commotion were now more than accounted for.

As the crash of the falling glass ceased, Grandma stepped forward into the room, and said, "Peace be to this home!"

The man started and turned round. Who was this stranger? And what had he in his state of sin and tumult, to do with peace?

"What do you want here?" he stammered at last, looking at the quaint little figure, who stood quite unmapped in the doorway.

"I've come with a message from a Friend of yours," answered Grandma, cheerily, coming nearer.

"Friend? I have no friends," rejoined the man; then suddenly, "Ah, you're from the Salvation Army?" He had caught sight of the uniform and now he understood all about his visitor.

"Well, you may as well come in," he went on, looking at her with some interest and offering her a chair. "Tell me about your Army."

So, nothing loath, Grandma seated herself and then for the first time espied the wife, who, to avoid her husband's blows, had crept behind the tall bureau.

"When I saw her," says Grandma,

"I longed to comfort her, and I prayed God to help me."

After a few minutes, spent in questions as to the Army, which our Soldier answered to the best of her ability, the wife came forward, broom in hand, and began to clear up the broken fragments.

"Now is my chance," thought Grandma, "what is the good of his knowing how the Army is governed? I want him to let Jesus reign in his soul!" So she went to where he sat, and laying her hand on his shoulder, said as to a child, "See your wife sweeping up the glass, and putting things straight. Think how patient and forgiving she is. Now you have a Saviour who is just as patient, and He wants to save you if you will let Him."

But the man rose with a sigh. "Ah, no! That's impossible. I could never be saved. I shall lie down a little," but prompted by a sudden impulse—"You'll stay for dinner, won't you?"

His wife, who was watching him anxiously, signed to our Soldier to accept, so she said quietly, "Yes, thank you, I shall like to stay," just as though it was the ordinary thing to be asked to dinner by a person whose house one had bombarded in the unheating way she had.

The man was evidently much interested in the Salvation Army. All during dinner he talked of it, asking things his guest could not answer. He was clever, an overseer in some factory, had excellent wages but was a slave to drink.

After dinner he went into an inner room, and soon came out, dressed to his wife's great distress, in his Sunday clothes. She jumped up in anxiety, and laid her hand on her husband's arm, "John," she said, "you're not going out; not going to leave us again?"

"No, dear," was the answer, "you get your things on, too, and dress the child. I think we could all go to the Army together; there is a Meeting there to-night!" So Grandma went to her home, praying in her heart all the way.

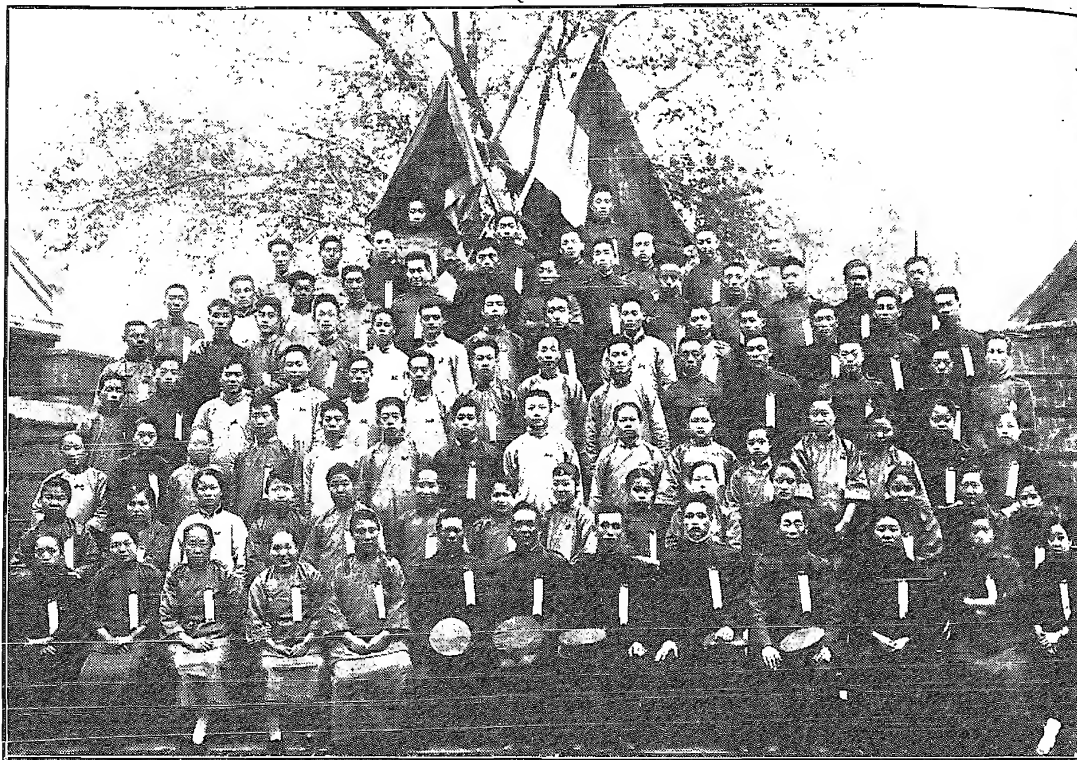
They went to the Meeting, all three of them; and sat on the second seat. And Grandma, when the moment for testimony came, got up and told the people the whole story. All about it! And the three on the second bench listened. And Grandma said, "Now, friends, the three are here to-night. I want everyone who loves the Lord to pray for them. God hears prayer, you know. And the Soldiers and the friends got down on their knees, and pleaded that God would help and save the family. And He answered. They got saved."

One last glance at our friend's home shows it different, very different. Peace reigns there now. Happy restfulness shines out from the wife's face; the child is "singing Army songs all day," and the father is living a new life. Strong drink has been laid aside forever. He prays morning and night with his family; and he has determined, with God's help, to be the first Soldier in a new Corps which is about to be opened in the locality.

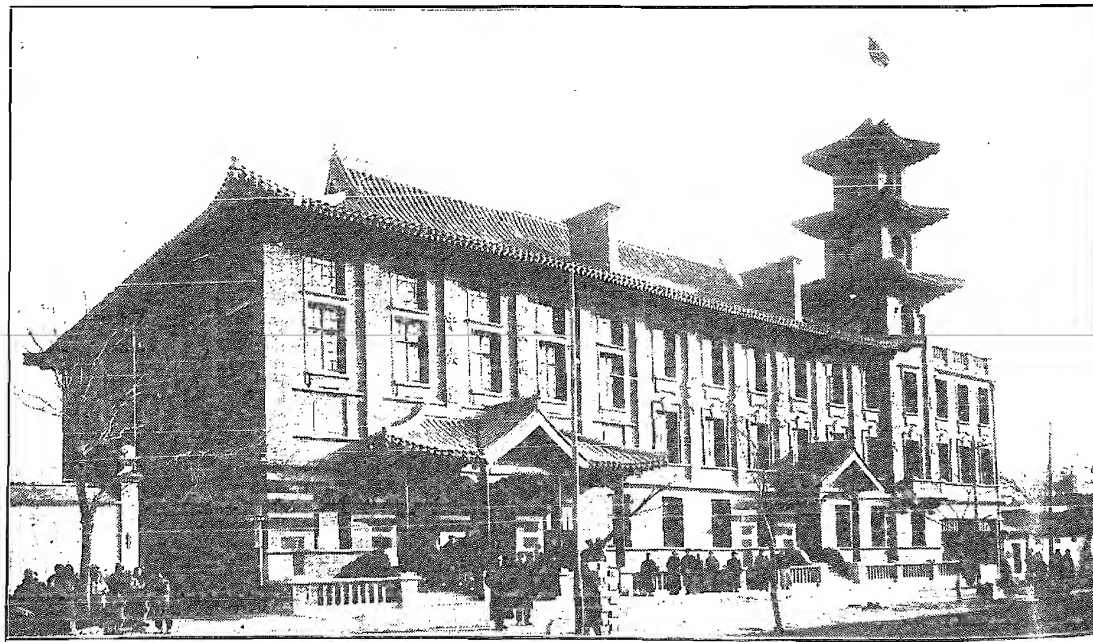
Grandma is a loved and frequent visitor in the house, and the old broken lamp has been replaced by a smaller and less expensive one.

"But," said the father, "I should like to be allowed to present a large new lamp to our new Hall, as a thank-offering to God, and in recollection of the first time I saw the Army in the person of Grandma."

CONQUERING CHINA FOR CHRIST



This fine body of native-raised Chinese Officers is in itself a mark of the progress which the Salvation Army has made since commencing work in the "Land of the Dragon" in 1915. The international character of the Army is seen when it is remembered that Britain, France, the United States, Canada, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Switzerland, Australia and New Zealand sent Officers to help bring China to Christ.



The New Headquarters and William Booth Memorial Hall, Peking, where Commissioner F. L. Pearce is Territorial Commander



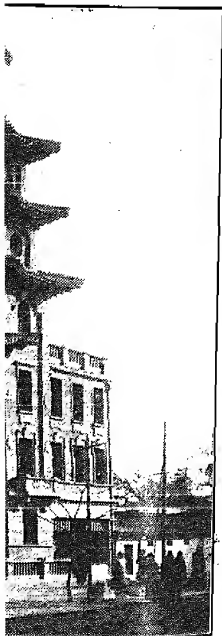
TATTOO

And it came

CHRIST



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And it came to pass, while He blessed them, He was carried up into Heaven. Luke 24-51



For the Risen Sabiour's Sake

One thousand hungry men were given a dinner in Toronto on New Year's Day (in the sittings of 200 each) through the generous thought of Messrs. Gordon and Norman Derr. Commissioner and Mrs. Gordon are seen in the picture

THE W



"Grateful for your order to continue ar